

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The question of lobbying for private interests and foreign countries threatened to become a national issue. The matter came to the front when a Senate sub-committee began the investigation of the activities of William B. Shearer at Geneva during the Disarmament Conference of 1927. The Senate called before it the presidents and other executives of three companies: the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, the New York Shipbuilding Company and the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company. These officials were unanimous in declaring that Mr. Shearer had been sent to Geneva merely as an observer to report to them the effect that the decisions of the Conference might have on the future of shipbuilding. No discrepancies were noted in their stories, but at the end of this first phase considerable mystery remained unexplained, due to the size of the salary paid Mr. Shearer, \$25,000 for three months, which implied more than his being an observer, and to the nature of his reports, all of which showed that his activity was directed to causing the Conference to fail. The company officials unanimously claimed that they had either not read the reports or attached no importance to them. Mr. Shearer's appearance was awaited with interest because several of his reports charged disloyalty on the part of United States representatives and British interference in American affairs. Another aspect of the lobbying question

arose when Senator Brookhart, in the course of a debate on Prohibition, charged that a Wall Street firm had given a dinner, with whiskey included, to twenty Senators who discussed with it various aspects of pending railroad legislation.

The anti-tariff forces were slow in marshaling their attack. First indications, however, showed that a full-strength battle was pending between the executive and legislative branches on the question of the flexible tariff laws. Mr. Hoover injected his prestige into this debate by publishing a letter demanding retention of the clause by which the President may from time to time raise or lower tariff rates according as competition demands. All of the Democrats and ten or twelve of the Republican insurgents were opposed to the President on this issue and it seemed probable that a deadlock would ensue between the Senate and the House. Meanwhile, a lumber bloc was demanding higher rates on various wood products. The Republican forces were described as completely disorganized and no one dared to predict when or how the question would be settled. The House of Representatives reassembled on September 23 and began to take three-day recesses until October 14, on which date it was hoped that the Senate would have completed its discussion. The farm group, however, was counted on to prolong the debate, since the agricultural clauses had not yet been even touched. Another aspect of the lobby scandal cropped up when Senator Bingham was accused of employing a manufacturers' lobbyist to help the committee draft the Tariff bill.

Austria.—Dr. Ernst Streeruwitz, Chancellor and Foreign Minister tendered his resignation and those of his Cabinet Leaders on September 25. This followed the failure of the Streeruwitz Government to carry through its proposals for a bill demanding fundamental Constitutional changes. Immediately, however, the allied Government parties petitioned and won the acceptance of the former Chancellor and President, Johann Schober, to resume the post. The confidence placed in the ability of the Vienna Police Chief was soon justified, for within a few hours a new Cabinet was presented to Parliament and approved by a vote of 84 to 69. The Socialists voted against the list because they had not been consulted in its composition. The Heimwehr leaders were dismayed over the loss of two coveted places in the new Cabinet. Herr Schober's action was interpreted as an attempt to restore general confidence in Austria's ability to adjust her difficulties peacefully and to revise an unwieldy Constitution.

China.—To add to the international problems of the Nanking Government, disgruntled factions in the Kwangsi province, under General Chang Fa-kwei, initiated a rebellion. Though short-lived and immediately suppressed when the Nationalist troops defeated the rebel group with heavy casualties, the uprising gave occasion for fear lest another widespread civil war should be pending. The Nationalist victory, however, brought relief from the tension; the Hankow area was quieted, and commercial and industrial circles grew more optimistic.

While attention centered on the Government's handling of its domestic conflict, the Soviet situation continued stationary. No raids of importance along the Manchurian border were reported, though there was desultory fighting. An Associated Press dispatch from Moscow announced that in an address before the First Moscow Regional Congress of Soviets, Alexei I. Rykoff, President of the Council of People's Commissars, had stated that his Government was prepared to maintain its army throughout the winter on the Manchurian border, though hostilities would not be resorted to so long as the possibilities of peaceful settlement existed.

There was an unconfirmed report from the Central Kansu province on September 24 to the effect that an appalling massacre of Moslem had taken place there for rebellion against Chinese authority, the victims numbering at least 3,000.—Details of the murder of Bishop Trudo Jans and the Franciscan missionaries at Ichang also reached Hankow. It would seem that on September 9, while the Bishop was in the mission garden, thirty armed desperadoes entered the compound and cold-bloodedly assassinated him, and then rushed into the house and murdered the two priests, along with three of their catechists. The house and church were looted of everything of value, including sacred vessels.

Czechoslovakia.—A conference of parties represented in the present coalition Government decided September 24 on dissolution of the Chamber and Senate, authorization for which Premier Udrzal obtained from President Masaryk, to take place immediately. Elections were announced for October 27. The appointment of Dr. Viskovsky as Minister of Defense had caused a controversy between the Catholic People's party and the Agrarians and so forced the dissolution.

France.—On September 23, the death was announced of Louis Ernest Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris since 1920. His Eminence was born on September 1, 1856, ordained in September, 1879, appointed Bishop of Verdun in 1901, and Archbishop of Bourges in 1909. In 1916 he was transferred to the Archiepiscopal See of Rouen, where he remained until his appointment to Paris. On December 4, 1916, he was created Cardinal by Pope Benedict. He was considered a great factor in the recent

reconciliation between the Church and State because of his diplomatic services. A year ago he gained international prominence for his courageous stand in the condemnation of *L'Action Française*, the Royalist party newspaper, though his loyalty to Catholic principle and to the Holy See in this instance gained for him many enemies. In 1926, His Eminence was one of the European Cardinals to attend the Chicago Eucharistic Congress.

Germany.—At the ninth national convention of the League of German Industrialists many tributes were given to American enterprise and the shifting of the world's economic center to the Pacific was accounted for, in great measure, by American influence. With more than 2,000 representatives of all branches of German industry attending, the federation inaugurated its semipolitical activity by the proclamation of a reform program dealing with urgent financial, economic and social problems confronting the nation. Dr. Duisberg told the meeting that the federation did not, however, intend to enter partisan politics but that the reform program was wholly dictated by patriotic considerations. The executive board of the federation unanimously voted urgently to request the convention to refrain from including the Young plan in the range of topics discussed, since it was deemed inadvisable to discuss Germany's new commitments before the subsidiary committees appointed at The Hague had completed their work and the Reichstag had definitely taken action. But in political circles such restraint was not shown.

Great Britain.—With no preliminary intimations to the public press, the Labor Government entered into further conferences with the Soviet for the resumption of diplomatic and trade relations between the two countries. M. Dovgalevsky, Soviet Ambassador at Paris, abruptly terminated the conversations held in London in July after the Labor Government had firmly declared that no recognition could be offered the Soviet unless assurance was given that Bolshevik propaganda would be discontinued in England and the British Empire, and unless pledges be given concerning the British debt. The Soviet announced, at that time, that no settlements would be considered prior to the exchange of Ambassadors. Both Governments have since then held to their demands. On September 23, M. Dovgalevsky returned to London at the request of Mr. Henderson, British Foreign Secretary. The resumption of discussions was placed on a slightly different basis. The Soviet representative stated that the conferences were intended to discuss the "procedure" for establishing diplomatic relations. Mr. Henderson, instead of flatly demanding the pledges from the Soviet as he did in July, offered the Soviet a memorandum of the demands. Meanwhile, in Russia, the Labor Government was attacked because of its alleged imperialistic policies.

From the press-bureau of the High Commissioner's office in Bagdad, a statement was issued to the effect that

New
Domestic
Revolt

The
Soviet
Situation

Moslem
and
Missionaries

Elections

Death of
Cardinal
Dubois

Industrial
Leaders
Meet

Conference
with Soviet

Iraq Mandate Great Britain was prepared to support Iraq's candidacy for admission to the League of Nations in 1932, that it would inform the Council of the League of its decision not to proceed with the Treaty of 1927, and that it would inform the Council of its proposal to recommend Iraq for membership in the League. These announcements included two important measures not mentioned. The first was the termination of the British Mandate over Iraq. According to the 1926 Treaty, the Mandate would continue until 1950 or until such time as Iraq gained admission to the League of Nations. The second point was the drafting of a Treaty between Iraq and Great Britain. Such a treaty, it was pointed out by British observers, would demand the right of Great Britain to establish and retain military forces at strategic points in Mesopotamia and along the Persian Gulf, and also British concessions in the Mosul oil fields. Though the British statement, released at Bagdad, rather than through the British Colonial or Foreign Office created some suspicion, it was later officially confirmed by the British Government. The announcement was greeted with joy in Iraq,

Catholic Congress **Hungary.**—The ninth annual congress of the International Catholic Association, known as the IKA, was held at Budapest this year on September 16. The theme for discussion at the congress was "The Population Problem in Cities." Father Muller, S.J., of Antwerp, who represented the topic at the opening session explained that the extraordinary development of large cities since the beginning of the nineteenth century presented great dangers as well as advantages. Lord Iddesleigh, honorary secretary of the Catholic Council for International Relations, London, declared that race prejudice and the "sweating" of foreign races for industrial purposes must be fought energetically by all Catholics. Father Pruemmer, O.P., professor at the University of Freiburg, Switzerland, discussed the difficulties confronting a city pastor, and Father Fallon, S.J., pleaded for legislative protection for large families. Count Clemens Brandis gave a study of the effect of Christianity upon the social position of women, and Msgr. Madarasz, titular Abbot and chief of the department of the Hungarian Ministry for Cult and Education defended the sublime calling of the mother. Msgr. Vass, Hungarian Minister of Public Welfare, announced with pride that there are in Hungary 400,000 families blessed with 6 to 18 children. Other noteworthy papers contributed to make this what Bishop Waitz, protector of the IKA, declared the most brilliant congress conducted by the association.

Child-Marriage Bill **India.**—By an overwhelming majority, the Legislative Assembly passed the third reading of the child-marriage bill. The signature of the Viceroy, the final procedure before it becomes law, was assured by the fact that the bill was a Government proposal. The only opposition to the bill came from a Moslem group which held that the bill interfered with religious convictions. The

measure followed the recommendations of the Age of Consent Committee which investigated child marriages throughout India. This Committee was appointed as a result of the publicity given the marital conditions in India in recent books. The bill passed by the Assembly established for the first time a legal age for the marriage contract of girls, namely fourteen years. It differentiated between the marriage contract and the age of consent within marriage; this latter was given as fifteen years. Violation of the consent age was made a penal offense, as also was that of the contract age. Consummation of marriage with a girl under twelve years was punishable by long-term imprisonment. The *Week*, of Bombay, while hailing the measure as a much-needed reform, criticized it because of its differentiation between the contract and consent age. This paper contended that both should be placed at the same age, whether that be fourteen or fifteen. "The decencies and sanctities of home" an editorial declared, "demand that there should not be any difference between the minimum age of marriage and of consent."

Lithuania.—On September 19, Premier Augustine Valdemaras and the entire Cabinet resigned. Internal dissension was reported to have caused the move. An unconfirmed report stated that President Smetona would ask the Minister of Finance, J. Tubelis, to accept the Premiership and form a new ministry. In that event it was expected that the resigning Premier would accept the portfolio of Foreign Minister. It will be recalled that the regime of Premier Valdemaras, which began December 18, 1926 when the former Government was overthrown by a military *coup*, had had a stormy career. There were violent disputes before the League of Nations growing out of the Vilna seizure, and charges were even made that Polish Government employes had attempted the Premier's assassination.

Election Disorders **Mexico.**—On September 21, in a street fight of political factions in the national capital, three men were killed and three others wounded. This was the first serious trouble in the Presidential campaign between supporters of José Vasconcelos and Pascual Ortiz Rubio, the rival candidate. While President Portes Gil immediately ordered the arrest of those responsible for the disorders and police and militia were called out to prevent further rioting, he intimated his suspicions that officials of his own Administration were involved in the shooting. At the time of the fight a meeting was in progress in support of the anti-re-electionist candidate Vasconcelos. It will be recalled that the preceding week at Torreon one young man was killed and another wounded when during a Vasconcelos demonstration an attempt was made on the candidate's life. On September 22, in the municipal elections in Jalapa and elsewhere, in the State of Vera Cruz, pitched battles at the polls resulted in a number of fatalities. While no official reports were forthcoming, dispatches to *La Prensa* in Mexico City placed the number killed at 130, though Government officials were inclined to think this an exaggeration. It was understood that the source

of the trouble was the attempt of Governor Tejada of Vera Cruz to install communistic administrations in place of those who had remained loyal to the Government during last spring's insurrection.

Rumania.—On September 21, the trial of the forty-two army officers and civilians charged with plotting against the Maniu Government was completed. Twenty-eight of the defendants were discharged, and fourteen others, including Colonel Stoica the leader, were found guilty. In proportion to the offences, the sentences were all light; Colonel Stoica himself getting merely one month's imprisonment, a fine of 2,000 lei (about \$120) and the loss of civil rights for five months. This leniency was interpreted as indicating that the Maniu Government had little fear of a lack of popular support.

Vatican City.—On September 19, His Holiness gave a two-hour audience to the Italian Ambassador, Count De Vecchi, which, in view of press dispatches forewarning of strained relations between the two Governments, was considered significant and thoroughly discredited the rumors. On September 22, the Holy Father received representatives of the Association of Catholic Men and of the Retired Workmen, speaking to them appreciatively of the growth of their organizations, of the importance of Catholic principles in their lives, and of the opportunity they had for Catholic action. Meanwhile, a press dispatch from Como announced the dissolution, by order of the Fascist Government, of the Young Catholics' Federation, and that a priest and layman who were leaders in the Catholic Youth movement, had been taken to task by the Government for their criticism of the celebration on September 20 of the capture of Rome in 1870.

League of Nations.—The Assembly of the League closed its sessions on September 25 with the adoption of a budget of \$5,642,000 for the expenses of the League's Secretariat, the International Labor Office, and the World Court, for 1930. This is an increase of \$230,000 over last year, due to the great amount of new work ordered by the Assembly. Fourteen League members, including Great Britain, France, and Italy, had signed the optional clause, accepting in advance the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court. To date, then, forty-three members had signed, of which only eighteen had ratified. A compromise resolution was the issue of the debate caused by China's move for examining the League covenant's Article XIX dealing with inapplicable treaties. A Liberian Committee of three, consisting of a member of the League Council, a representative of the United States, and a representative of the Liberian Government was decided upon in order to investigate the charges of slavery in Liberia made by Professor Raymond Buell of the United States.

"A great debate," as it was styled, took place in the Disarmament Committee on September 19 as a conse-

quence of the fourfold issue raised by Viscount Cecil of Great Britain with regard (1) to the application of the same principles to land, air, and sea disarmament; (2) the limitation of the strength of a force either by limiting its members or training, or both; (3) the limitation of war material; and (4) agencies of control. In view of the concessions made by Lord Cushendun last spring to the French demand for the exclusion of the question of trained reserves, the reopening of this question aroused especial alarm. The debate appeared to swing between the two points of view: on the one hand, that any naval agreement would depend on the principles adopted for the handling of the question of land forces and material; and, on the other hand, the French contention that it was useless to be debating concerning matters of land disarmament before a settlement of the essentials of naval disarmament. The debate ended with a compromise resolution drafted by M. Politis of Greece which put the Assembly on record as favoring the view that land disarmament depends in substance on the success of naval agreement and that any Five-Power accord is subject to the preparatory commission's approval.

Reparations Question.—Messrs. Jackson E. Reynolds, President of the First National Bank of New York, and Melvin A. Traylor, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, sailed September 25 to meet financial representatives of Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan on October 7 to set up the Bank for International Settlements, provided for in the Young plan of reparations. The location was still in dispute. J. P. Morgan was quoted as describing the bank as "a great instrument for the preservation of world peace." It was to start with a share capital of \$100,000,000. Shares and voting control would be distributed equally among the central banks of the United States and the six Powers. The demands of Norway, Denmark, and Poland calling for League collaboration with the Bank had been withdrawn on September 23, on account of pledges given by M. Louis Loucheur, French Minister of Labor, as well as from fear of disapproval by the American Government of such collaboration.

In the present issue, Thomas F. Divine addresses an Open Letter to the college freshman. Next week Charles Stimming will discourse on "Going to the Dogs," and in a succeeding issue Constance D. Doyle offers some suggestions to our colleges for women.

How many know that the most valuable of all the known documents written by Columbus is in the Congressional Library at Washington? Next week, in "The Priceless Columbus Codex," Guy A. Ourand will tell its timely story.

"New Uses for Rats" will give George Barnard a chance to comment on the already forgotten Edison examination for the "brightest boy," and a recent AMERICA article on the conditioned reflex.

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WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY
JOHN LAFARGE

FRANCIS X. TALBOT
CHARLES I. DOYLE
Associate Editors

WILLIAM I. LOWERY
JAMES A. GREELEY

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

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Opposing the Public School

WHEN one speaker states that Catholics do not oppose the public schools, and another speaker, of at least equal authority, asserts that Catholics do oppose the public schools, the non-Catholic listener may be pardoned if he falls into a state of bewilderment. Merely for the sake of clarifying the record, then, it is well to call attention from time to time to certain misunderstandings of Catholic principles entertained by non-Catholics. It must also be admitted that the same, or similar, misunderstandings are sometimes entertained by Catholics.

That no Catholic may "approve of the system of educating youth, unconnected with Catholic faith and the power of the Church, and which regards the knowledge of merely natural things, and only, or at least primarily, the ends of earthly social life," is certain from the forty-eighth proposition of the Syllabus. It is also certain that the school described in the Syllabus is, essentially, the secular or public school as it exists with us. Thus we reach a negative conclusion: Catholics may not "approve" the secular school.

When, however, other authoritative statements are considered, a wholly positive conclusion becomes inevitable. Thus, for instance, in the "Instruction" addressed to the Bishops in the United States by Propaganda, on November 24, 1875, the secular system is referred to as "this most pernicious system," and its influence, as "contagion." This adverse judgment, it is stated, is based on the natural and the Divine laws. Certainly, every Catholic must oppose a system which is pernicious. It is not enough merely to refrain from approving. The same conclusion is derived from the Acts of the Plenary Councils of Baltimore, and from the Code, particularly Canon 1374, which ordains that "Catholic children must not attend non-Catholic, neutral or mixed schools, that is, such as are also open to non-Catholics." Many other documents might be cited, but these will suffice.

The attitude of the Catholic Church, then, and of every faithful Catholic, toward the secular school is

plainly an attitude of opposition. The Church condemns the secular school as bad, not only for Catholic children, but for all children, since it rests upon a false and un-Christian philosophy of secularism. She opposes it also for the reasons implied by Dr. Luther Weigle, of Yale, who has written that "when the public school ignores religion, it conveys to our children the suggestion that religion is without truth or value [and] becomes, quite unintentionally, I grant, a fosterer of atheism and irreligion." The Church has never disguised this opposition. She writes it clearly in her legislation, and manifests it openly in her zeal for the founding of Catholic schools.

It is chiefly by building schools, whose very soul is the teaching of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and by patronizing them, that Catholics show their opposition to the schools founded upon the secularist philosophy. No State, no city, need fear that Catholics are organizing with masks and dark lanterns to undermine the public schools, or to hamper any good which, in spite of the philosophy which animates them, they may effect. We bear with them as best we may. But we heartily deplore the perils of an education which omits to take God's law into account, and which refuses to teach a morality based upon supernatural revelation.

Our opposition, then, rests on grounds of reason and religion. We act both as citizens and Christians. We are certain that many non-Catholics share this opposition, and that their number is increasing. At present, Catholics must give their financial support to schools which they cannot in conscience use. Religious-minded non-Catholics must support schools whose philosophy, to quote Dr. Weigle again, satisfies no one but the atheist and the free thinker. Some day we may have schools which give the Christian child a Christian environment and a Christian training, but that day seems far distant. Should we relax our opposition to the prevailing secularism, it will become even more distant.

Mint, Anise and Cummin

IMPORTANT in their degree are mint, anise and cummin. But they are not the chief points of the law.

In city government, however, and even in wider fields, they often assume an importance which they cannot justly claim. The small things of the law, being small, are more easily kept under control, and it is only a manifestation of our common nature that officials should busy themselves with trifles. Often this is not wholly their fault. Reformers in search of a short cut to reform, begin with externals and stay there. Sometimes they succeed in suppressing symptoms. If they stop there, they effect no cure, but merely drive the disease in.

In a Western city which long suffered from organized criminals, a group of officials pledged to "reform" was recently elected. They began by securing indictments which charged a number of local politicians with serious violations of the civil and criminal code. Unfortunately, the juries did not agree that the reformers could prove their charges, and practically all the men indicted were released.

Thereafter reform languished, and at the last account the sheriff was engaged in an elaborate series of raids upon dog races and "beer flats," enterprises conducted by slinking persons with almost empty purses and no political influence. On the very day of a highly spectacular raid, two of the city's most assiduous burglars were legally declared free from all guilt. Now that the sheriff and the police are chiefly occupied with the mint, anise and cummin of petty gamblers, these burglars may promise themselves a remunerative winter.

Such melancholy failures make the serious student of municipal government ask if any real civic reform was ever effected by a reformer. The reformer usually begins well, but his attention is too easily diverted to mint, anise and cummin. The experience of Chicago has been repeated again and again, until it has become an old story.

Our Aged Children

CHANGING social and economic conditions in the last two decades have brought us many serious problems. Perhaps not the least of them relates to the provision which can be made for the aged sick and poor.

Time was when the problem was quickly, if not always properly, solved. The aged were either cared for by relatives, or they were sent to the county poorhouse or county jail. When relatives were actuated by a humane and Christian spirit, all was well, but often enough these old people fed upon the bitter bread of dependence. Very little could be said for the poorhouse. It gave shelter and food, but nothing else.

It is an illuminating commentary upon our supposed wealth and prosperity to know that this problem is now engaging the study and attention of experts all over the country. In spite of our prosperity, we have thousands of old people who after a life of honest toil are forced to appeal for aid. Just what can be done for them is a question that is not easily answered.

A meeting of the New York Commission on Old-Age Security, held in New York last month, brought together a notable body of men and women, among them the Rev. Thomas N. Brennock, representing the Catholic Charities of New York. Prominent among the speakers were Dr. I. M. Rubinow, the author of several works on social and industrial insurance, and Dr. Abraham Epstein, secretary of the New York Commission. It was generally agreed that the various private institutions, which, at present, carry most of the burden, are overtaxed. Institutional care, moreover, is costly. As Father Brennock pointed out, the cost in New York averages nearly \$1,200 per year. His own association, he said, cared for 119 aged persons in private homes, at a cost ranging from \$480 to \$540, each, per year. In many instances old people were neglected, when, in all probability, they would have been provided for, had the families access to a pension, however small.

Father Brennock brings in the real difficulty which, it would appear we are not yet ready to solve. To what extent shall the State care for the aged indigent, and what precise form shall this care take?

It is easy, of course, but quite inaccurate, to dismiss the very idea of old-age pensions as "socialistic." They are socialistic in no other sense than any aid which the State, by its very nature, is bound to afford the helpless, is socialistic. It is true, however, that as yet no one has mapped out a program and a policy of public relief which avoids extremes. The general principle is clear, namely, that when all other means fail, or, at least are not readily available, then the State is justified in undertaking to care for the destitute aged. Shall this care take the form of stipends to private homes, or to private institutions, or of pensions paid directly to the aged? Dr. Epstein strongly recommends the pensions. In his opinion, bank savings and industrial insurance cannot meet the difficulty, since very few are able to put aside anything for old age, and the greater part of the industrial policies lapse. Dr. Epstein believes that, in time, the direct pensions can be replaced by a system of compulsory pension-insurance, supported partly by contributions from the insured, and partly by the State.

Perhaps most of us agree with the Charity Organization Society in "sympathizing with the pension plan, but calling for more data." As yet we do not even know, exactly, how many indigent old people we have, and we need more intensive study of the whole problem before we can fix with certainty upon an answer. It is encouraging to know that this study is being energetically and intelligently pursued.

The Gastonia Communists

ONCE upon a time, it was generally acknowledged that the chief support of the family was the father.

That proposition is not so generally acknowledged today. The economic scale has been shifted, so that all the demands of social justice are met when the combined wages of father, mother, and perhaps of several children, suffice to keep the group from starvation.

Upon the soul of the man who devised that policy may an infinite God have mercy. Our mercy is too small, too narrow, to reach him.

Writing in the *New York Telegram*, Mr. Ray Tucker explains that most of the textile mills in the Gastonia district will fight union organization to the death, because they fear that the union means the end of cheap labor and long hours. "Textile interests will resist all efforts toward unionization. They declare there can be no compromise." Many of these industries moved from New England to North Carolina, because in New England there are the forty-eight-hour week, and other devices which cut down production and raise expenses.

Thus the Manville-Jenckes plant, once situated in Rhode Island, can now buy labor in a cheaper market, and, in crowded periods, can employ that labor from six in the morning until six in the evening, for six days a week. In slack periods, the workers can be let out, with no fear that they will not return. The officials do what they deem proper to reduce living costs, by providing four-room frame houses, for which the rental is fifty cents weekly per room, free water, and electricity at cost.

"But even with reduced living costs," reports Mr. Tucker, "few families could get along were it not that father, mother, the oldest boy and girl, work in the factory. Their combined wages barely suffice." And this mill, it must be remembered, pays the highest wages, and is probably the most humanely managed of all in the Gastonia district. It has recently declared a dividend, and despite all troubles, production from January to August exceeded that of last year.

Yet the workers are not satisfied. Nor should they be. No man with a sense of social justice can approve a system which leaves the worker at the mercy of an autocracy, however benevolent it may at the moment be. No man with a true reverence for the principles of Christianity can acquiesce in a system which tends to destroy family life by compelling the mother to work, perhaps for sixty hours a week, in a cotton mill. That the protests against this system should be considered "socialistic" and "communistic" is nothing less than astounding. If the Communists are among these protesters, then they are fighting for rights for which every Catholic ought to fight—the right of a man to receive a living wage and the right of a man to have a home.

As for those Catholics who hotly criticize labor's excesses, but are silent in face of the evils which occasion them, we will say that we prefer the Communists. Their philosophy is evil, but in spite of that, they occasionally find themselves on the side of the angels.

"I Don't Know"

WE HAVE no disposition to charge Messrs. Schwab and Grace with anything worse than the complete ignorance which, as they testified on oath, reigned in their respective bosoms when they appeared before the Senate committee.

The steel company, over whose destinies they preside, with Mr. Schwab caring for "the high spots," is undoubtedly a vast and complicated machine. It is quite conceivable that some official in the company might send a representative to the Geneva Conference, instructing him to wreck it or to promote it, with Messrs. Schwab and Grace knowing no more about the affair than they actually did two weeks ago in their investigation in Washington.

Our corporations may find it wise to pool their respective brains for the purpose of securing better organization. As at present constituted, something is certainly lacking. Messrs. Schwab and Grace furnish a pat instance. They protested and repudiated Mr. Shearer, with all his works and pomps, the moment they heard of him. But months elapsed before they heard of him.

Cannot the corporations create an official who, in close touch with every part of the organization, would be charged with the duty of communicating to the officials responsible to the owners—and to the public—all they should know for the welfare of the owners—and of the public?

The utility, indeed, the necessity, of an official of this kind, is plain. He would have saved the steel company

all the money paid so uselessly to Mr. Shearer, for a purpose, too, that might easily have stirred up international discord. Further, Mr. Schwab would have been saved the necessity of leaving the high spots in order to appear before a committee of the Senate, and Mr. Grace might have remained undisturbed in his attention to whatever task his company imposes upon him. Finally, Mr. Shearer (whose name takes on a somewhat ominous connotation after Mr. Wakeman's testimony) would never have been able so grievously to deceive this amiable and trusting steel company. The official—now lacking—would at once have swung his trusty red lantern, signaling "Stop! Danger!"

The utility to the courts and to investigating committees, State and Federal, is equally plain. Grand juries, too, might dip into this fount of knowledge, and come up with full buckets. At present, as is commonly known, the last person in the world who can give any information about a corporation, is the president of the board of directors, the president in charge of finance and operation, or the general manager, of the said corporation. It is indeed marvelous how men, presumably not morons, can remain for years in close contact with a corporation, and yet know less about it than the office boy.

"I don't know" may be a magnanimous exhibition of genuine humility. We applaud it in the careful scientist, we revere it in the man whose conscience is his king. But it may also be a shameless exhibition of culpable ignorance. The old moralists (who seem to have been discarded along with such old moral codes as the Ten Commandments) had some hard things to say about ignorance in men whose profession or position made full knowledge a duty.

We mention them not as authorities, but merely to parade our erudition.

However, self-interest may suggest to the corporations the creation of the official we have pictured. Mr. Shearer's exploits cost the steel company a puny \$25,000. But a sharper than Mr. Shearer may some day shear some sheep-like corporation to the shivering skin, and leave it freezing on the wintry wold.

Our presidents and our directors are far too trusting, far too guileless. They are in sore need of an official who can protect them against the wolf and the shearer.

Chains on the Editor

OUT in Wisconsin a judge recently refused to enjoin a newspaper from publishing certain criticisms of a traction company. But the learned jurist also observed that to grant such injunction was undoubtedly within the competence of the courts.

We venture to think the judge undoubtedly in error. A court may punish, either by way of contempt proceedings, or by ordinary process, for articles that have been published. But neither the Federal nor any State Government is constitutionally entitled to decree in advance what a newspaper must not publish. In other words, free speech is a constitutional right for the abuse of which the citizen can be held responsible only after the event.

Dullness and Drama in the Press

ARTHUR D. McAGHON

IT IS doubtful that anyone, newspaper publishers included, really knows what the public wants in its daily press.

Editors do not consciously serve their readers; they serve themselves and the proprietors, while remaining faithful to certain principles of public information which have gradually and massively developed since the days of the town crier. Their attitude toward much of the news they present is at once contemptuous and respectful. They are contemptuous of minor social, political and religious activities, but they respect the news tradition that compels the reporting of these activities. Privately they might ridicule the pageantry of a Papal emergence; at the same time they give it generous page-one space, handling it with what looks like pious enthusiasm. Most of them are personally left cold by a Eucharistic Congress, because among journalists there is very little religion. (In my experience I have found only a few open Catholics, a great many frank pagans and practically no formal Protestants.) Yet, no newspaper can afford to treat lightly a spectacle which draws two million people from all parts of the world.

Nor is the public conscious of "being served." It accepts the prominence of average stories without articulate complaint and turns to the features and the comics. The little group that writes Letters to the Editor usually are critics of matter on the editorial page rather than of form in the news columns. Everybody knows that front pages are consecrated to certain A-1 celebrities, and to certain institutions, experiments and types of emotional outbursts. Among these are the following. Who can say dogmatically that they unfailingly command universal interest?

The President of the United States

A king

John D. Rockefeller's birthday

Henry Ford—talking on almost anything except automobiles

Thomas A. Edison—talking on almost anything except electricity

The marriage of an actress

The divorce of a social registrant

The murder of a gangster

An airplane endurance flight

Conversations on naval armament reduction

Is it not possible that a large number of patient commuters are a little bit bored every morning on the eight-twenty and in the evening on the five-fifteen? It is taken for granted that this is the kind of information the readers want, or that it is the kind of information they are "entitled" to receive. A metropolitan newspaper might obtain some interesting and surprising data if it would distribute among two or three hundred thousand of its readers a questionnaire with the single query: Which news stories in our last edition yesterday did you read beyond the headlines?

I should like to see at least one publisher in an urban

center brave enough to leave out of his columns for a week rumors of five-power agreements on arms limitation, extemporaneous wranglings in Congress on tariff and farm relief, speeches made at Rotary conventions, Presidential Fourth of July addresses, spontaneous absurdities from popular scientists and the hop-offs of Colonel Lindbergh. What do you suppose would happen if the *New York Times* or the *Chicago Tribune* tried this experiment? Is it too wild a speculation to fancy that the circulation of neither would fall off a single copy?

The manner of presenting such news varies a little according to policies, but throughout the national press, these topics make their regular and inevitable appearance. Where the dispatches of the Associated Press or other agencies are used, the identical wording is found in hundreds of papers from coast to coast. Policy is another name for personality. And it is self-satisfaction with personality that makes the larger journals the standard bearers of monotony. They fill as many columns as the advertising department demands; and certainly no such abstraction as "reader interest" is considered when there comes a desperate call from the composing room for more copy.

Now, in spite of the daily mass of indisputable dullness, there is something going on in the press today which carries the hope that within a few years there will be a more affectionate liaison between newspapers and the people who buy them. It is a movement that might be termed, a little uncertainly, drama. It is in contrast to the textbook form of mere factual reporting and when it develops (if it is allowed to) there is bound to be a gradual crumbling of some formidable principles. It is making less clear that old general distinction between "sensationalism" and "conservatism." Of course there is no intention to infer that dignified journals are prepared to sacrifice good character to gratify passing appetites (thus the *New York Times* still holds out steadfastly against picture pages and comics) or that lurid journals are exhibiting a remorseful sobriety. The present faintly discerned trend is, rather, an indication that all daily journalism is trying to be more literary, more colorful.

The movement affects chiefly the treatment of crime news and feature stories. But if honest writers of real ability are permitted to go on using this freer hand, it will make for genuine interest in nearly all departments of journalism. And where even the brightest prose cannot make a story popular after the first paragraph, then that story will be chopped off after the first paragraph.

Unfortunately, there is little prospect that sin will lose its high rank in editorial judgment. But sin need not be presented sinfully in newspaper columns. The "literary journalism" with its thoroughly decent, rather aloof quality, can present it in a manner that will be quite inoffensive to normal minds. One of the outstanding crime cases of recent years was the Snyder-Gray tragedy. Although the

actors in it were commonplace sensualists, there is no doubt that the case interested thousands of respectable people. To the tabloids and to full-sized papers with tabloid hearts it was a glittering sensation with an overwhelming multiplicity of flaming "angles." But to the papers in which may be found hints of that new trend, it received a much more sober treatment. The double execution was a piece of dramatic realism to the New York *World* whose account was a journalistic masterpiece of originality and restraint.

There are other historic crime cases—sordid social conflicts—which never succeeded in reaching this plane, and so could not merit the expenditure of high creative effort. They deserved only bare, prosaic mention or no mention at all. The Browning mess, for example, never, in the hundreds of columns it accumulated throughout the country, rose above a cheap sensation. There were journals which suffered no loss of circulation by relegating it to the inside pages; others attained wide, but shifty and neurotic circulations by flooding their front pages with the story and letting it drip to pages two and three in the form of "art" layouts. A fictional effect far removed from honest news values and resembling somewhat *La Vie Parisienne* was obtained by the composite photograph of one Bernarr Macfadden.

What the public really wants in the press always will be, I suppose, a kind of comfortable mystery. It might be logical to presume that the newspaper which comes closest to readers' desire is that which has dignity without boredom, drama without luridness, humor without flippancy, and sympathy without naiveté. Once upon a time there was in New York a mellow old journal that seemed to possess all these qualities. After more than a century of rich life, it withered and died, having the smallest circulation in the city.

Perhaps, after all, it is the London *Times* which makes the nearest approach to the ideal. It devotes its front page to classified advertising.

IN CARRIGALINE

Between you and the river, a swaying screen
Of ash and beech; between you and the wall,
Nothing at all;
So cosy and cuddled you lie, now found
By your son just as he left you—last seen
Through a boy's tears your little short mound,
And the thin grasses waving.
For how many years, all stilled your craving
For an American home, the sound
Of strident cries in the street, the rush
Of feet! So quiet, this Irish village!
With its deep-cut lanes and stone-fenced tillage,
And the long twilight hush.
But they remember you here: "Ah, she was kind,
Your mother, sir!" they said. And now we find
You,—an ocean crossed—and you move not at all,
And give no sign,
But lie very cosy and cuddled beneath the wall
Of the churchyard of Carrigaline,
No sound but the gardener's scythe where you're staying,
And his startled ass's braying.

FLORENCE CHAMPREUX MAGEE.

An Unscientific Scientist

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, S. J.

THE spirit of many scientists is a proud one. These unblushingly claim as unique to themselves a poise, a detachment of spirit, a strict adherence to fact, an utter impartiality which are in reality the hallmarks of everyone who would make himself an unbiased tracker of truth—physical, metaphysical, supernatural—into its ultimate hiding places. Some scientists do their fellows no little disservice by vindicating to themselves alone the quest and attainment of this ideal.

Only recently a book has come from the pen of Nathan Fasten, Ph.D., Professor of Zoology, Oregon State Agricultural College, entitled "Origin Through Evolution." It is a book written for "the average conscientious student . . . possessing little or no scientific background," and for "the intelligent layman who wishes to obtain accurate information" since "no previous knowledge of the subject is assumed on the part of the reader" (pp. vii, viii). That is an admirable purpose, and Dr. Fasten limns the equipment which we are to suppose is his as he girds himself to his task (p. 17):

The evolutionist deals with material things, with all the manifestations of nature, and he tries to discover the laws which underlie their operation. He attempts to explain all phenomena in a rational manner. He does not believe in supernatural causes, and avoids the assumption of mysterious explanations. [1] He moves in whichever direction his facts lead him, and when he reaches a barrier he works patiently to surmount it. If he fails, he does not therefore postulate a mythical explanation; he simply halts and honestly states that he has been able to go thus far and no farther. He wishes to solve what he sees before him and tries to link up cause and effect. He does not read anything into his analyses; he gives exactly what he finds and no more.

If that is the ideal Dr. Fasten holds out to himself, then unfortunately he falls short of it, even in his chosen field of science. We may cite one chapter as an example. In Chapter XIII, "The Evolution of Man," we find the ordinary enumeration of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, *Homo Heidelbergensis*, *Piltdown man*, *Neanderthal* and *Rhodesian man*. Yet nowhere will anyone, having "no previous knowledge of the subject," glean the slightest idea: (i) that the Java man may not own all the bones that Dr. Fasten ascribes to him; (ii) that the Heidelberg man has been aggregated quite definitely to the present human race because of the research studies of A. N. Burkitt; (iii) that the *Piltdown man*, in his turn, may not rightly claim all the bones that the downs of Sussex yielded; (iv) that *Neanderthal* has been declared strictly human by the great scholar Hrdlicka and that, too, some two years ago; and (v) that the *Rhodesian man* may have fallen only recently into the cave at the Broken Hill quarry. Does Dr. Fasten give "exactly what he finds and no more"?

It were well for him to weigh carefully the words of Prof. August Krogh, Director of Zoophysiological Laboratory, University of Copenhagen, in his opening address before the Thirteenth International Physiological Congress, at Harvard University, August 19, 1929 (*Science*, August 30, 1929, p. 203, col. 1): "We fondly imagine that we are impartial seekers after truth, but with a few

exceptions, to which I know I do not belong, we are influenced and sometimes strongly by our personal bias and we give our best thoughts to those ideas which we have to defend."

Nor is the uninitiated reader told in Chapter IX, "Evidence from Embryology," that such an outstanding authority as Vialleton, along with others, has jettisoned the biogenetic law, nor in Chapter VIII, "Evidence from Morphology," that every argument therein advanced is hotly and *rightly* disputed. If, indeed, a chimpanzee thyroid can be used to replace a human thyroid, and a monkey bone be transplanted into the leg of a man, what of it! Don't we eat frog's legs, and shad's roe, and broccoli? Most emphatically, it is not true that "these facts lend themselves to no other interpretation than the evolutionary one."

But the more serious charge concerns the question of religion and particularly the Bible and the Catholic Church. The difficulties begin with the jacket itself: "While Professor Fasten makes no effort to reconcile religion with a scientific point of view, he succeeds admirably in demonstrating that science and religion are mutually exclusive, each with a definite and commendable purpose to accomplish." That is ordinary "blurb" stuff, sufficiently wide of the truth to show that the writer does not know what he is talking about—that is, if he means religion in any true sense. Moreover, how can any groups of truths be "mutually exclusive"?

But for Dr. Fasten himself. Of the Bible he says (p. 19): "The scientist objects only to its acceptance as a modern treatise on scientific subjects. He regards the Bible as a human document conceived during the infancy of civilization, when there was either no science at all, or very little of it." This is somewhat of a jumble! Cannot Dr. Fasten and all who write thus see that it is one thing to claim that the Bible is a "treatise on scientific subjects"—which no sane Biblicist does—and quite another to say that in the Bible may be found statements of facts which have a direct bearing on one or more sciences? Dr. Fasten admits that such statements do occur, but "if one attempts to accept it verbally, it becomes of no value."

Hence the point at issue is whether in a book, admittedly not a scientific "treatise," statements of scientific facts *when taken in the sense intended by the writer*, are correct or not. It may, indeed, be true that "an intelligent modern youth knows more of science today than any of the ancients," but that is beside the point. (So, too, would it be beside the point to claim that "an intelligent modern youth" knows more history than Herodotus, and Polybius and Suetonius.) The point at issue is simply this: Are the written statements correct? The Catholic position with regard to the Bible is: "Every statement made by the sacred writer is unerringly true if taken in the sense intended by the sacred writers." It is the task of Biblical scholars to ascertain the sense intended by the writer.

That leads immediately into Dr. Fasten's here-and-there statements about "the validity of the Mosaic doctrine of special creation." He says (p. 4):

It is the idea which one derives from a literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis of the Old Testament. . . . According to this description, everything which exists at the present time was created in the short period of six days; all was completed in this very insignificant space of time, and since then there has been no modification.

Persons who accept this view also believe, with the one-time venerable Archbishop Usher of England, that creation was accomplished and completed some four thousand years before the Christian era. Andrew D. White tells us that the most precise date is that fixed in the seventeenth century by the great rabbinical scholar, Dr. John Lightfoot, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, who asserted that "heaven and earth, center and circumference, were created together in the same instant, and clouds full of water . . . and man was created by the Trinity on the twenty-third of October, 4004 B. C., at nine o'clock in the morning."

Dr. Fasten, besides knowing that White is an adequately discredited authority, should distinguish between what the Bible says, and what some scholars think the Bible says, or have inferred and deduced from the Bible. Biblical statements rest on the authority of God; chronological and other inferences do not. Genesis is admittedly difficult of interpretation, but if Dr. Fasten knew anything at all about real Biblical scholarship, he would not make some of the above statements or be so certain that "within the last few hundred years scientists have made numerous discoveries which contradict it."

He does not save the Bible by saying (p. 6): "If read correctly, it reveals that the individuals who wrote it endeavored to express the idea of creation through the act of a Creator." Be the "big concept" of the writer of Genesis as wholesome as possible, if the statements in Genesis are wrong, the Bible ceases to be the word of God—and it has for men such as Dr. Fasten and others like him.

In his chapter on "History of Evolutionary Thought," he is peculiarly unscientific. The bogey of the Dark Ages "lasting from a little after the beginning of the Christian era to nearly the close of the fourteenth century" is brought out, disclosing either an utter ignorance of recent non-Catholic (not to mention Catholic) scholarship, or a suppression of known research. "Progress ceased almost entirely, while ignorance, illiteracy and prejudice reigned supreme." Yet this was the era that preserved whatever culture has come down to us and built many a cathedral that defies modern reproduction, founded the first hospitals, and turned Europe from a fighting arena for barbarians into the Europe of the universities with their teeming thousands of students. But "Scholasticism followed in the wake of the Dark Ages, and the greatest minds of the time became engrossed in futile and absurd theological discussions." It is safe to say that here the author literally does not know what he is talking about. Dr. Fasten, and all who write as he does, would do well to read a bit diligently the very well-known works of Sir Bertram Windle and Dr. James J. Walsh. They would save him many an error.

On page 19, Dr. Fasten avers that "it is only within the last few centuries that men have been allowed to think with any large degree of freedom." Yet to any close observer it is alarmingly clear that there is probably less *thinking* in the world today than there has been for many

a century, and that the penalty of the revolt against intelligent submission to revealed truth is the ever-increasing unintelligent subservience to anyone who can write a Ph.D. after his name.

All this is quite unfortunate, for Dr. Fasten has a clear and pleasing style, and his book reads well and shows much labor. But he has not kept to facts either in history or theology or Scripture or in his own line of science. He certainly seems to take all his non-scientific data wholly on authority. Dr. Fasten's book, in itself, is not so important, but it is typical of much that comes from scientists these days. Science is a worthy study, and its findings are to be accepted, but it would be well to keep in mind

the words of J. Arthur Thomson (*John O'London's Weekly*, April 13, 1929): "As description, the scientific story [of Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis] is complete in itself; but it says nothing about the why of the how." That answer, and the answer to every ultimate "why?" comes from beyond the physical sciences.

When, then, will scientists learn that competence in their own specialty gifts them in no least way to dogmatize on all lines? "In this age of specialization, who shall be considered an authority in a certain field if not the so-called expert?" Dr. Fasten needs to heed his own question when writing on the Bible, religion, history, etc. Then he will be truly "scientific."

Tuberculosis and the Catholic Victim

SISTER MARY OF THE ANGELS

A TWOFOLD providence placed a copy of September's *Cosmopolitan* in my hands, or rather, I should say, Lorna Moon's article, "Flat on My Back," in that magazine. The first providential element lies in the fact that I am not a subscriber to that periodical and have seen but two copies of it in the two years that I have been "flat on my back" in a sanatorium. The second interesting element is the further fact that I had for some weeks decided definitely that I would write an article which would "justify the ways of God" with tubercular patients. Not long ago my attending physician brought me an article to look over, and said in passing, "Some day someone—perhaps yourself—should write something about tuberculosis from our Catholic viewpoint, an article, so to speak, especially for Catholic patients suffering with T. B." And so I started planning!

Then yesterday I saw the article by Lorna Moon. One picture especially attracted me, the one with the crucifix above the couch of the invalid. "There," I said to myself, (not unmindful of the story of Columbus and the egg), "someone else had the idea and has stolen my thunder." I just about decided, even, that Lorna Moon was very likely some Loretta Mooney who had permitted her name to go Hollywood for purposes of her own.

Then I read the article. And I enjoyed and appreciated every word of it. It is joyous, enthusiastic, revealing, and true as far as it goes. I am very sure that all T. B. patients who read it, will like it, and I am equally sure that many, if not all, will say with me, "But that's not the half of it." Certainly Miss Moon is like the lunar body as described in Browning's "One Word More"; she shows only one side to the eyes of earth. To show that one side of tuberculosis was the real purpose of her article. I realize that. But we initiated know it is a decidedly incomplete picture. T. B. is not always so glowingly attractive as Miss Moon sees it through Pollyanna's rose-colored glasses. Even the languid pose of the dear invalid in both pictures raises a question about her speed ability in the marathons she says she runs with life.

No, she cannot mean that she has not to endure the sufferings common to every T. B. patient. "For of all broken-hearted things, the brokenest are captive wings."

Legs that were meant for walking are kept "horizontal" only with effort; hands that were meant to work lie quiet only through patience; hearts that were made for love and companionship suffer in solitude and loneliness. But Miss Moon has surmounted all these hardships. The happy warrior has practically won the battle. She is the "brave and gallant girl" that her friends believe she is; she is the captain of her soul.

But—and here enters my thunder that she did not steal—whence comes her inspiration? Not from the crucifix above her couch. As far as her article is concerned that crucifix could easily, even better, be replaced by a flower or a book, or a bird in a gilded cage. There is not one word about God, about prayer, about religion. The radiant optimism is beautiful, inspiring even, but it is essentially pagan. This is not meant as a fault-finding criticism of "Flat on My Back." Miss Moon may really be a Christian; she may have purposely suppressed the religious motif. But certainly she manifests no Christianity in her article. Her heroism is merely natural virtue such as Socrates possessed, and such as we find so delightful in the "Golden Sayings" of Epictetus and in the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius. (Although these old philosophers do refer to their gods.)

What are we Catholics to think of all this? Not only we who are "flat on our backs" with T. B. or some other affliction, but all of us who must face the mourning and weeping of this valley of tears, should be provoked to some pretty serious thinking. If good, noble-minded people can possess their souls in patience and achieve real conquest of self through their own will power, to what heights of heroism in suffering should we attain who have for our model and inspiration the Man of Sorrows, the meek Lamb of God, our crucified Lover? What sublime detachment from earth should be ours who are nourished by the Bread of Angels? What serenity of soul, what tranquility of mind should abide with us who are one with Him whose Soul is our sanctification, whose Body is our salvation, whose Blood fills all our veins! What hope for restored health when we invoke the healing touch of the Divine Physician who made the blind to see and the lame to walk! What comfort for our souls, what

graces for others can we win by our prayers! What contribution to the treasury of the Church, what relief for our suffering brethren in purgatory can we amass through painful days and wakeful nights! Active inactivity indeed!

Miss Moon is inspired by Shelley, Keats, the Brontës, R. L. Stevenson, Jane Austen, Edgar Allan Poe. So am I. They were all great literary lights; all heroes in the strife with the white plague. But their lives were not all such as Christ desired when He said to His disciples, "You are the light of the world." After all, what does this heroic conquest of tuberculosis amount to if in the end the life that is spared and prolonged on earth does not merit ultimately to share in the eternal life? I judge none of these. I hope, if I am good, to meet them all in Heaven, even Shelley and Mary Godwin and poor Harriet.

Still, how much more inspiring to read the sweet, pure life of Marie Thérèse Martin, the Little Flower of Lisieux, suffering for years from tuberculosis and offering every beat of her saintly heart in love for God and souls. She too found loneliness and solitude conducive to her writing, and she wrote of God's love and God's mercy with such true genius that today her autobiography is read all over the world, in many languages; and everywhere she is drawing men's minds and hearts to Heaven, thus fitting them for better lives on earth. Here indeed is an accomplishment. Here is life and work in absolute harmony. What a shining light for Catholics, especially for Catholic T. B.'s! Here is a "brave and gallant girl" whose inspiration *was* the crucifix; whose nourishment was the Bread of Angels; who in her wakeful nights and painful days gave herself up as a victim to God's merciful love to win for Him "souls who would love Him eternally."

The optimistic "Little Lorna" is not the exceptional T. B. patient. She is typical of thousands upon thousands who have attained self-conquest and learned to be happy alone. Her optimism is characteristic of thousands upon thousands more who live happy alone *with One other*. We cannot all write with the sparkling vivacity of this gifted lady, but I believe I do not exaggerate when I venture the guess that seventy-five per cent of T. B. patients have the urge to write and tell the world how really wonderful is this experience, this test of character, this force in the lives of so many great men and women. I am positive that in Uncle Sam's mail bag today are thousands of letters written by tubercular patients and expressing exactly the same sentiments of hope and resignation that scintillate so joyously in "Flat on My Back." Most of these sufferers are cheerful; most are hopeful; many are merely resigned; few are without cheer or hope. Thousands have flung into the face of "Fate Defied" the sentiments which Adelaide Crapsey spun into this exquisite little cinquin:

As it
Were tissue of silver,
I'll wear, O Fate, thy grey,
And go mistily radiant clad
Like the moon.

Thus it is that some defy fate; some accept nature;

some abandon themselves to a loving Providence. If we are fervent Catholics, we ought to do all three. We have all the sources of strength and inspiration that make Miss Moon what she is: nature, books, friends and the power of self-conquest. But we have infinitely more than we find in her article. We whose faith is almost sight, and whose hope is almost certainty, have a Divine Mother Church to show us the way to sanctity, and a beloved and loving Father who sees and values our gay perseverance and bright-faced sacrifice, and who waits with eager love to welcome us home at the end of the journey.

And so, at last, when at the age of eighty-two (or twenty-eight!) we are carried past the aging tombstones of our friends, let us hope that the angels of heaven, looking back on our myriad and manifold chances for growth in holiness, will not see but meager and measly gains, and, dropping a tear such as angels weep, feel sorry for us.

Schneidering

G. C. HESELTINE

AS I stood on a balcony overlooking the Solent on this fine September afternoon, above the hem of the vast crowd, waiting for the gun to start the little swallow-like seaplane which was to win the Schnieder Trophy for Britain at the fastest speed ever travelled by man, I thought of a similar afternoon a dozen years ago. The Solent was just as pale blue and hazy, the Isle of Wight was just as pale green and misty with heat, or the nearest thing to heat we get in England. But I was not on the balcony watching, nor were the beaches packed with people and the inshore roads swarmed with spectators.

I was sitting in the cockpit of a Henri-Farman biplane, known to us as a flying birdcage, of the type our Transatlantic allies called "gasolene box-kite." It was a frail little machine, all wires and struts, with no body or fuselage—except a tight little seat in which I was sitting determined and fearful, with the marvellous little "Gnome" engine rotating furiously and noisily behind me. I was taking "Henri" out for the first time and following almost exactly the course that the Schneider contest covered today. Henri quivered in every wire and literally staggered over the masts of a large hospital liner riding at anchor. Henri, "all-out," did about fifty, fifty-five miles an hour, and preferred not to go much more than 500 feet up, indeed he seemed happiest at fifty feet. The tired little "Gnome," many times overhauled and much tinkered was, so to speak, on her last pistons. It was lovely flying over these peaceful waters in the gentle English September air. Much better than flying a hundred miles or so further east. But I was not altogether happy. There was too little between me and a watery grave.

There was, considering all things, little more to spare for the pilots today. It is true that their machines are in as perfect condition as the best mechanical brains we have can make them; it is true that the improved knowledge of aerodynamics and aeronautics in general have provided them with a machine whose airworthiness to Henri's is as a swallow's to a Rhode Island Red rooster's.

But the margin of safety was pretty low in both cases, in Henri's from necessity under the exigencies of war, in the supermarine speed plane's because everything possible was sacrificed to speed.

The gun boomed, Waghorn's engine growled up to a roar and his mechanical swallow tore into the air with him. He covered his seven laps whilst Henri would have been covering one. At intervals five other very similar machines followed him, with the result that everybody now knows. The first Schneider Trophy race was won at something less than my Henri's speed, about forty-five miles an hour, probably in another Henri, but I forget. This one was won at 328 miles an hour and before this article appears in print an attempt will have been made, probably with success, to exceed 350 miles an hour.

Yet despite the excited press enthusiasm, I don't think the thrill was proportionate to the speed. Naturally, I, who am by now a little blasé about speeds, though the fastest I have ever travelled in a few moments of extreme emergency was about 180 miles an hour, was not as thrilled as the crowd of spectators might have been. But even they seemed to be whipping up what excitement they showed. They had come to be thrilled and excited and they were going to be, but the race itself could not make them. Of course, they roared themselves hoarse at the popular British victory, and there was a little "mass-hysteria."

But a race like this is a little too long drawn out for high excitement to be maintained and there is not the thrill of a neck-and-neck race of two competitors starting together. This race too was something of a runaway. The nearest opponent was slower than in the previous race and two of the three opposing pilots did not complete the course. As a public spectacle it was unique enough but no more exciting or thrilling, and therefore little better as a race than a Roman chariot race or a good flat race. Whether, despite the press, this was realized, or whether the ballyhoo was overdone and people feared too great a crowd, the fact remains that there were many empty stands and long before the end enthusiasm ebbed.

As a public entertainment then, the Schneider Trophy hardly justifies the expense and labor incurred and the risk run. As an international contest, the sort by which it has been suggested that nations should settle their disputes as they did in earlier times by single combat, instead of stark war, it seems to fail too. Only two nations competed and one of them was, if I may use so inapt a metaphor, left standing. Even the most cock-a-hoop Englishman will hardly say that the other nations were simply incapable of sending competitors. It has been a matter of particular regret that Lieutenant Williams, from the United States, did not compete. It would be absurd to say that the nation that produced Lindbergh was incapable of competing. There must be other reasons. Maybe other nations do not think it worth while.

Such contests have certainly proved their value in expediting the development of mechanical transport, especially in the air. Flying, the conquest of a new element, is probably the greatest material achievement of mankind in our age. I cannot imagine a greater sense of triumph

than I had when I brought a machine to earth safely after my first flight. But there is a limit to the proper use of speed as there is to the proper use of words, of wealth, or of wine. And I believe we are reaching that limit more rapidly than most people think.

We have already achieved the curious paradox whereby the speed at which American visitors may travel round Europe is so great and they are able to see so much that they in fact see very little and would know more about Europe had they spent the time on Long Island reading a guide book. We have the spectacle in our large towns of people spending a great part of their lives unnecessarily travelling from one part of the town to another (on what they imagine are necessary errands) because it is so easy to do so. Absurdly, large cities such as London, New York, Chicago and Manchester, have grown so mainly as facilities for moving about them increased. To me the greatest use of the speed of modern travel is that it enables me to get away from the "wens" of civilization quickly. It is often said that speed saves time but we have yet to justify the immoderate use of speed by the use we make of the time we save.

For all that, however, none of us wants to travel at 350, or 150 miles, an hour. It is too uncomfortable. The discomfort arises not from deficiency in the machines but from the composition of the human body. We may build the airplane to travel at double the present speeds, we cannot build a new human organism to stand it. I wrote some years ago to the effect that the top limit was about 350 miles an hour and despite the rising speed curve, I still stick to that for the reason I have just given. Even the picked men are in danger of "passing out" on corners in modern high-speed machines owing to the effect of centrifugal force on the heart and brain. Moreover, high speeds demand quicker response in the senses than most human beings can give. We see so little, travelling fast in a car, that the constant high speed becomes boring. No method of travel is more boring and monotonous than a long distance flight and the more safe and smooth the flight becomes, the more monotonous. And monotony is death to a craze as to anything else. That, if nothing else, should bring us back to walking to save the vestiges of our sanity.

ANNE RUTLEDGE

"The thought of the snow and rain on her grave fills me with indescribable grief."—Abraham Lincoln.

Winter he missed; but knew the summer's warm
Fulfilled maturity; the solemn weight
Of ripened fruit, the harvest and the storm,
When vanished spring had left him desolate.
She was the petaled bough of early years,
Whose fragile beauty made brief heaven his;
The voice that tuned abstracted busy ears
To unforgotten haunting melodies.

She was the branch that knew belated snow;
Wind-scattered petals in a leafing lane,
Gathered to earth with Aprils long ago,
One with resurgent loveliness. Oh, rain,
Weep quietly for thwarted blossoming;
And snow, lie lightly on the grave of spring.

EDITH MIRICK.

New York Near Midnight

FRANCIS TALBOT, S. J.

MY COMPANION and I stepped into the taxi. We had been called by a friend who said that Miss Jones desired to have us come immediately. Miss Jones, I had been informed over the telephone, had had a very severe attack of an habitual ailment. It was then nearing eleven o'clock in the evening. How near eleven, I could not say, for my wrist-watch was bought at a very cheap bargain sale and more or less keeps the time. Still, the night was young enough for both of us; in fact, it made little difference whether it was day or night for my companion who dwelt perennially in a state in which the darkest night was everlasting day.

As we leaped into the taxi, I flung the address at the driver. "The Women's Club—Fifty-seventh street." He looked at me searchingly, for he seemed to be a very wise taxi driver. "You mean the Women's Club, do you?" he said with the air of a private suspicion; "the Women's Club on Fifty-seventh street?" He just wanted to make sure, it being also eleven at night by the wrist-watch which he consulted. He was assured, evidently by my unembarrassment. With an air of suggesting that the responsibility and the business was mine and not his, he shrugged his shoulders and jauntily turned down the flag of the meter.

I warmed up to my companion, now that I was snugly in the taxi, with the door closed and the wheels moving. We were stopped by the red traffic light before we had gone a block. In the interval, the driver turned full upon me. "That place is on Fifty-seventh street, you said?" he inquired through the windshield. The fellow was embarrassing, to say the least. "You go where you're told," I commanded. "Down West End Avenue a bit. And then I'll tell you where to turn into Broadway. Now go." The green had flashed on the lamp tops.

I smiled at my companion. In the darkness, I felt the smile returned, felt it with a palpable thrill. I smiled again, with the pure joy of it, with a keen realization of the honor I was having, with a selfish sense of possessiveness of having him riding with me in a New York taxi.

"You don't mind riding with me, do you?" I asked. "You know me. Really, I don't amount to much, and I find it hard to discover any good reason why I should have the honor of leading you about New York at this late hour of the night. But you don't mind, do you? And you will excuse me, won't you, if I am not so good as I might be, and certainly not the best one you could get to go about with you? It's all right for me to be with you, isn't it?"

The streets were flowing past us. West End avenue was smooth and black and shiny before us. The lights on the corners would flash in upon my face and circle the cab of the taxi and meet halfway the flash from the other window of the light on the other side of the street. Rather confusing, this clash of flashes. The brakes

screached as another red light menaced us. I leaned forward to make sure of the name of the driver. He seemed to be on the point of asking another question. His picture was there too, rather good for a chauffeur photograph. "Jacob Tietlebaum" was printed in block letters for all riders to read. I chuckled as I settled back, out of range of the question.

"His name is Jacob Tietlebaum. I bet his ancestors were nearer to you than my multiplied grandfathers were. He's on the outside seat now, and I'm in here with you, all by ourselves. He doesn't even know you exist; he wouldn't recognize you even though you spoke to him. I am just like John. Not just like him, of course, but something like him. He laid his head on your chest one night, didn't he? Yes; well, you're leaning close up against me tonight in this taxi. So that is pretty much the same thing. It's funny, too, because when John was putting his ear to your heart that night, my ancestor was a naked savage, or nearly naked, adoring the moon in a northern forest. He was just a pagan Nordic, somewhere or other in Europe, huddled under a tree with his female and his cubs. He didn't know any better. But this Jacob here; why his ancestor was sleeping comfortably in a little home in Palestine, in Jerusalem even, maybe right near to the supper room. And there he is outside, twisting that wheel and jamming on the brakes. And here I am, inside, showing you New York. All by ourselves, and nobody the wiser. That's funny, isn't it? And yet, not so funny, after all."

Seventy-second street, by the signpost. "Hey, Jacob," I called out. "Give us Broadway." He was sceptical but nodded his head in obedience. We swung around the curve, and got into the traffic lane.

"I just want to show you a bit of our modern New York," I said to my companion. "Behold the prosperity," I plitudinized. "Those apartment houses that we have been passing along West End avenue—they're expensive. A man must have money to live in them. But they're nothing to what I could show on Park avenue. You don't seem to have much enthusiasm about these blocks upon blocks of high-class apartments that we are so proud of? Frightfully expensive, and really high-class. Not exactly the best people, but as good as the best. They spend as much money."

But I felt that my companion wasn't impressed by the wealth, or the culture, or the luxury. He didn't show the slightest sign of interest in it all. It meant absolutely nothing to him. He didn't think any more of a millionaire or of a blueblood hanging on a family tree than he did of the white-capped gob with a silly girl hanging on his arm who looked into the window of the taxi as we were halted at Broadway.

"Here is the street of bright lights," I explained. "The New Yorkers bring all their out-of-town cousins to see Broadway. And the out-of-towners who haven't any New

York cousins, they come to see the sights anyway. Here we are passing down the world's greatest street. That's a bank on the right. That building over there, that's a hotel. This is all offices. The subway is right down below, and the elevated up above, and the street cars and autos on the surface. That's progress, isn't it? Plenty of ways of speedy travel in New York. Look at those electric signs; millions of electric lights in them. This old world is certainly making use of its science. The world's greatest market, greatest center of wealth, everything you can imagine, bought and sold and advertised and all that. Things that are luxuries anywhere else, they're absolute necessities here."

I turned to my companion. He was not at all thrilled by the sights. He was just as unruffled as the ice in the skating rink we were passing. He didn't warm up to all this red, white and blue electricity along Broadway. I began to feel that it was a bit paltry and cheap. It didn't mean as much as it seemed to mean. It was tinselly. After a few hours, it would flicker out and die.

He was right. There was nothing to Broadway but a face; and that was painted meretriciously. I wanted to ask him about the girls with their brief dresses, standing on the street corners. And about these dimly lighted windows, half opened, through which the jazz strains were escaping from the dance halls. And about some of the theaters, with their posters done in the most modern art. And about the knots of men lounging in front of the shop windows. And about some of those windows, loudly illuminated, and their exhibits. I wanted to point them out, and have his opinion on them. But I felt that he was being terribly bored by it all. More than that, he was frightfully saddened. I couldn't see him, but I just knew the way he felt. That taxi was simply vibrating with sorrow and tragedy. Like wave upon wave along the seashore. Moaning and mourning and frizzling waves of an eternal tragedy.

"God!" I exclaimed. "I am sorry for it all. God, Jesus Christ, can you ever forgive us? God Almighty, have mercy on us poor fools. We have built up a city into the skies, and we think we are gods. We have designed our restaurants and theaters and hotels, and force ourselves to think that we are happy. We have devised locks for our vaults and protection for our checks, and imagine that we control the world because we have the money. If all of New York could ride with you tonight in this taxi, down along Broadway, there would be many an eye opened, and many a passion cooled, and many a heart softened, and many a soul saved."

Jesus Christ drove with me down Broadway. He was very good about it. He had no policeman tearing before His machine with shrieking sirens clearing the roadway. He did not have a procession of open barouches with a reception committee dressed in white-breasted tuxedos. Nobody knew that He drove down Broadway except me. He was incognito. But I knew it. And I was the proudest man in all creation as I sat in that taxicab, alone with Jesus. And I was the saddest man in all creation. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," I heard the echo of that cry. I felt the splash of those tears of long ago. My companion was

weeping over my city. "I would have gathered you. . . but you would not."

"Say, driver, you are down at Forty-second street!" I called out in amazement. "I wanted Fifty-seventh street."

"Fifty-seventh street? Is that where you wanted to go?" he asked incredulously. "Women's Club? Is that it?" he said suspiciously.

Out of respect for my companion, I suppressed the motion of anger as I would suppress the desire to smoke. He wheeled into the west-bound traffic.

A feeling of exaltation enveloped me. I am a king with the King of kings. No harm can touch me. The crowds of men and women along the sidewalk would bow down before us, if they knew, and would humble themselves in the mud of the gutter. The automobiles that swirl about us, that menace us to right and left, would go dead, if my Companion would think the thought. New York would crumble beneath His wrath. But He is patient, as He rides with me up rickety Eighth avenue at this midnight hour.

We are before the Women's Club. The taxi driver, miraculously, is refusing his fare. We pass under the marquee into the delicately appointed lounge. Whisk, goes the elevator with Jesus and me. Whock, it stops at the eleventh floor. The hostess awaits us. She wants to meet my Companion. Undoubtedly, she is very, very sick. She feels better that He has come. She receives Him rapturously. She takes Him away from me entirely. And a short time later, I venture out upon Fifty-seventh street, immeasurably older, and tired, and heavy. Jesus has remained with the woman. I return home alone.

LADY OF OROPO

Above the clouds, veiled by Italian skies,
Adjacent thus to Paradise,
Rockbound, the dark Madonna stands.
Dark people in dark lands
Knew her as their mother—
Knew—thereby—to love her—
And visioned her in dusky pulchritude.

Nor does true lineament preclude
The lily's imag'ry^a
In ebony;
Nor does she lose thereby
But serves to purify
The Cain-stained race
With potent grace.

Ever and again, showers lightly falling
Seem her tears recalling
Darkling children otherwheres,
Addressing her in native prayers.

Men's dark souls will find her
Tender, more than gracious, kinder
In her loving care
Here than anywhere.

CATHARINE MARY BRESNAN.

Sociology

Has Rome Approved the Company Union?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE recent decision of the Sacred Congregation of the Council in the case presented from the diocese of Lille has attracted considerable notice. This stir is probably due to the fact that for the first time in their lives some Catholics in this country have been brought face to face with the teachings of the Catholic Church on the relations of capital and labor. For there is nothing new in the decree. The principles on which it is based are simply those of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII which, in turn, are common to all apologists who have written in the spirit of the Church. If for no other reason then, the decree is to be welcomed for the attention it has directed to certain basic principles of Catholic social action.

It has been said, however, that the Sacred Congregation appears to give a sanction to the so-called "company union" which Catholics in general, and this Review, in particular, have never been disposed to grant. It blesses, we are told, what this Review has roundly condemned. Hence we are asked to reach for the sackcloth and ashes, and to sit on the ground, weeping out our heart in sorrow for the blows and stripes inflicted in the past upon this alleged union.

We find it quite impossible to do anything of the kind. As long as the company union remains the source of discord, hypocrisy, and rank injustice which we believe it to be, we shall endeavor to have a scourge of knotted cords at hand. For only a complete misapprehension of the text and purpose of the Sacred Congregation can find in this decree an approval of the company union.

Fundamental in the Encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes" and in the philosophy of capital and labor, are two principles: first, the rights of all must be religiously respected; and second, all dealings between man and man, and especially between employer and employee, must be based not upon justice alone, but also upon charity.

Every man has an undoubted right to acquire, increase, and hold property. He has the right to take measures for a reasonable return upon his investments. He has the right to enter into a contract with his fellows to secure their labor. He has the right to enter into compacts with other owners and employers, and to form societies for the protection and promotion of rights held in common. It is supposed, of course, that in exercising and extending these rights, he will use no unjust or uncharitable means. But his rights, whatever they be and wherever exercised, must be religiously respected.

But the owner and employer cannot have it both ways.

The right of employees to organize freely for mutual protection must also be religiously respected. Leo XIII always spoke in strong and moving terms whenever he wrote of the worker and of the poor (and Catholic apologists have followed his example) for the simple reason

that the worker and the poor are less protected than the rich, and their rights, in consequence, are more exposed to outrage. We have read many moving accounts of the sleepless nights of the wealthy, turning on their beds, like a door on a hinge; but we have never been able to shed any tears for the sad plight of rich men who could rid themselves of their plight by turning over their wealth to religion and charity, receiving in return, a decent sustenance. Like our Lord, Catholics generally side with the poor. If in a particular case they err, they willingly accept correction, and no great harm is done.

But to the scandal of many in his day, Leo XIII bluntly observed that the rights of the worker were the more frequently put in peril. So far, indeed, had his rights been flouted that often his condition differed little from slavery. And when the Pontiff wrote that it was shameful and inhuman to treat a being made to the image and likeness of God, a creature whose dignity the almighty Creator Himself respected, as though he were a machine for the making of money, or so much muscle or physical power, he was not referring to outrages vaguely possible, but to outrages scandalously rampant.

Well do we Americans know, as we review the history of labor in the mines and the mills, that these conditions, scarcely distinguishable from slavery, long outlasted the day of Leo XIII. If all other means failed to end these abuses, wrote the Pontiff, then the State was bound to intervene, both to protect human rights and to remove evils which tended to destroy society. But more than this: the State would not err if, departing from the strict letter of justice, it regarded the poor and the worker with a benevolent eye. The scales were not to be weighted, save only as charity might incline them in favor of the most needy, and least protected, members of society. "The poor and the helpless," wrote Leo XIII, "have a special claim to consideration. . . . Those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back on, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage-earners, who are undoubtedly among the weak and the necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the Government."

It should be further remarked that labor's right to organize does not cease at the moment in which existing injustices are removed. This appears to have been one of the issues in the Lille case, where the owners and employers, themselves organized, held that "from the moment labor benefits from indisputable material advantages, it no longer has the right to organize." (N. C. W. C. dispatch.) The weakness of this contention is obvious. Once "respect for rights" is secured, organization may be trebly necessary to guarantee maintenance of this respect. In any case, the right to organize by just means for a just purpose is, as Leo teaches, a natural right which not even the State may destroy.

Catholic philosophy does not acquiesce, however, in the contention that the normal relations of capital and labor should be those of nations at war. That view the Pontiff condemned as "irrational and false." Interpreting the mind of the Church, Leo taught that the workers and (by necessary inference) the employers were within

their rights in organizing, but he did not desire them to organize for war. As I have pointed out, the fundamental principles in his social program were justice and charity; yet even apart from this fact, the Encyclical itself makes abundantly plain that the Pontiff wished the two organizations to meet and confer for the promotion of their mutual welfare. Conflicts arise, almost necessarily, even between well-intentioned organizations. In that case, the differences were to be adjusted by *authorized representatives* on the basis of justice and charity.

I have ventured into italics. Repeatedly, Leo XIII speaks of rights "full and real," of "agreements," of "free consent," as bearing upon the relations of worker and employer. It may therefore be taken for granted that when he treats of labor unions, he does not mean organizations which the workers are *forced* to join, under threat of dismissal, or as a condition of employment. He means a free union, not a group controlled by the employer; not, in brief, the company union, with its yellow dog "contract." That organization is not a free union. It is not a union at all, but a species of violence, and it outrages and betrays the worker when it professes to represent him in dealing with the employer.

Hence the conciliatory methods (recommended years ago by Leo XIII, but only now coming into the ken of the public) are bound to fail, when the employer is represented by his own freely chosen organization, and the employe is represented by the organization which the employer has chosen for him. It should not be necessary to argue that Leo XIII had no such group in mind, and that the Sacred Congregation in its recent decree had none, when inculcating the advantages of adjusting labor disputes by conference and arbitration.

But granted the free union, Leo XIII would have it act whenever possible as an agent of conciliation. "The rights and duties of the employers, as compared with the rights and duties of the employed," he teaches, when treating of the duties of the labor union, "ought to be the subject of careful consideration." Then follows a most pertinent passage. "Should it happen that either a master or a workman believes himself injured, nothing would be more desirable than that a committee should be appointed, composed of reliable and capable members of the association, whose duty would be, conformably with the rules of the association, to settle the dispute." What is here recommended is certainly not the company union. On the contrary, the Pontiff desires a board of adjustment or conciliation on which the workers shall be represented by those members of their union whom they themselves freely choose.

It was here, as far as an alien observer can see, that the owners' associations failed at Lille. Although organized, as were the unions, on a basis which fully recognized Catholic principles of social action, the owners unwisely refused to deal with the Catholic groups, yet agreed to deal with certain Socialist unions. It is true that Leo XIII did not in formal language so impose boards of arbitration upon Catholic owners, that a refusal would be tantamount to a violation of a precept. But it is plain that he desired the formation of such boards, and it is

also plain that, commonly, industrial war is the only alternative.

As the heat of conflict cools, the Catholic employers in Lille will doubtless recognize their error. We trust that the same course will be followed by all who see in the decision of the Sacred Congregation of the Council an approval of the company union, or even the slightest recession from the principles so eloquently preached by Leo XIII.

Education

An Open Letter to a Freshman

THOMAS F. DIVINE, S.J.

SO YOU are at last a freshman. How well I remember the night, just a few short months ago, when you stepped from the stage of your school auditorium into a throng of admiring relatives and friends. How strongly was I tempted then to call you aside, after the plaudits of the multitude had died upon the calm serenity of that night in June, and whisper into your ear a few of the thoughts that had long been clamoring for expression. "But no," thought I upon further consideration; "be calm, Strongheart, and let us bide our time a little longer. Let us give him time to throw off the intoxicating effects of this heady wine of hero-worship; then we shall see whether he really believes that (as I have so often heard you express it in your own picturesque slang) he 'has the world by the tail,' or whether he will come to realize how much he has yet to learn." Your recent decision has justified and rewarded my policy of procrastination.

I am convinced, in the light of this decision, that you now fully realize that your task has not been completed, that you are not yet ready to face the world and give it all that it demands of you. True, you may have derived from your high-school course all that the limits of human efficiency and capability could demand of you.

You may have a very representative knowledge of the outstanding periods of English and American literature and of the authors who wrote those periods into history. You may be able to discuss the works of these masters with more than average intelligence and discernment. You may tell me that Cicero was the most eloquent attorney and senator and one of the greatest patriots that Rome has produced. You may know that Vergil lived in the golden age of Latin Literature; you may remember him for his sweet and gentle nature, his elusive charm of style and oft-quoted "pathetic half-lines." Perhaps you can quote passages from these authors, when occasion offers, aptly and with distinction. You may tell me that Xenophon lived some four hundred years before Christ; that he was a soldier who rose from the ranks and that he won a place among the immortals by his graphic description of his own exploit in leading safely home some ten thousand Greeks in a retreat that is one of the most daring and strategic in history. You may know, too, the principles of electricity, the nature and properties of chemical elements, and the laws of falling bodies. But what, after all, is this in comparison with

what you will be expected to know later in life? I believe that you realize that the greatest benefit you have derived from your high-school course is not what you have learned, but rather how well you have prepared yourself for what you have still to learn.

I know that I am telling you nothing new when I assure you that you are expected to become one of the leaders of Catholic thought in the future, whether in the ranks of the clergy or of the Catholic laity of America. You have heard that again and again. But I wonder if you fully realize what that means. Have you ever paused to consider the qualities that a leader must possess and the responsibilities that weigh upon his shoulders?

The Catholic leader of America is not a fiction, a myth, a creation of the poet's fancy, an ideal to be aimed at but never attained. He is a very live, a very important individual, indeed one of the most important individuals in America today. He stands as an intermediary between the great mass of Catholic laity and the world at large. He is a scholar in the true sense of the word, knowing "something about everything and everything about something." That is, he is an authority in his own particular specialty, and possesses a gentleman's knowledge of everything of importance that lies beyond his specialty in the general field of knowledge. He is an original thinker and his channels of thought run broad and deep. His judgments are not the colorless echo of what someone else has said, perhaps much better than he; they are the fruits of a seed that has taken deep root in the rich and fertile soil of his mind and has been allowed to reach full maturity. He speaks but sparingly and cautiously of that with which he is unfamiliar; when he does speak it is with a power and conviction that command the attention of his hearers. He is a man whose moral conduct is faultless and unimpeachable; and the standards of that conduct are the same for both his public and his private life. He respects the personal rights and liberties of others, never striving to force upon an unwilling majority that which, for personal reasons, may appeal to him as the better course. He is the champion of that great body of Catholic principles which has enlightened the world for twenty centuries; and being well versed, too, in the latest developments in scientific and general profane knowledge, he knows best how they can be united to the advantage of both.

Never, perhaps, has the Church in America had need of such leaders as she has today. Witness the prevalent state of intellectual agitation and turmoil, the intense interest and feverish excitement manifested over new developments along scientific, political and social lines. Great leaders have arisen outside the Church. Men of broad and penetrating vision, they have not failed to notice how the Church, in her own quiet and peaceful way, has become firmly entrenched in the course of the years within the physical and spiritual confines of America. Many, whether through native prejudice or a woful misunderstanding of her character and purpose, have watched her with an eye of hatred and suspicion, even raised their voice in union with the poor misguided or misinformed unfortunates who cry out against her as a

menace to the State and to the progress of civilization. Many again, with better knowledge and clearer discernment, have recognized in her soundness of doctrine, solidarity of organization and the stabilizing influence she has exerted on all ages a practical solution of the problem of modern American unrest and religious dissatisfaction. Has the Catholic Church leaders capable of rising to the occasion and meeting these men on their own ground? Many are there who have rendered distinguished service. But how small, in comparison with the good that can be done, is the number of those who are both able and willing to wage this militant campaign "for God and country."

I think that it could be said, not unjustly, of the Catholic Church that she has not kept full step with the march of secular progress in America. She has not followed closely, through her leaders and official representatives, in the wake of national and international developments—new facts, new theories, new inventions, new discoveries—ever willing and eager to explain these developments, as the authoritative teacher she is, in the light of her God-given principles. The reason may be any one of a great number. Its origin may be psychological, arising from the fact that the Church, harassed for so many centuries by persecution and oppression, is content to abstain from active participation in world affairs, content that her children be not molested in the practice of their religion. Perhaps she may feel that she has not yet passed from that pioneer stage of all-engrossing material development from which even America at large has but recently emerged. Or, again, it may be that Catholics, secure in their conviction of the Divine origin of their religion, the infallible guidance of that Divine Founder and the infallible truth of the doctrines and principles He teaches them through the Catholic Church, are less inclined than others to become disturbed or even vitally interested in the consequences of material and intellectual development in the world about them. But, whatever the reason, the fact, I believe, is there.

Do not misunderstand me as advocating an active participation by the Church in the political life of America. Such is contrary to the spirit both of the Catholic Church and the American Constitution.

Just a few months ago the following statement was printed in the pages of this very Review. "The Catholic Church," said Dr. Thomas F. Coakley, "has lost the intellectual leadership of the world; she is on the brink of losing the moral leadership of the world;" and there is the danger that "she will lose the spiritual leadership" as well. Are you not at least mildly concerned over such an admission coming from the pen of an experienced pastor of souls? I might quote many other examples did space but permit. Is it possible, then, that the position of the Catholic Church in America may be compared to that of a bayou or back-tide of the Mississippi? Is she, indeed, so far out of touch with social, economic and intellectual movements that as these currents, deep, swift, powerful, sweep by she is but pushed farther and farther up stream? Why should she stand aside and allow this mighty tide to sweep on, often in a furious course of

ruin and destruction, when, like the great dam at Keokuk, she might harness it by her own supernatural principles, drawing from the river's might the power spiritually to energize the world.

Militant Catholicism is the crying need of the Church in America today. But to achieve this she must have militant leaders, men who understand thoroughly the position of the Church and feel, at the same time, the pulse of the world about them; men who know the value of the principles for which she stands, not only in the light of their own intrinsic merit, but in their relation to the world which she was founded to teach and sanctify. That is what I meant when I said that you were expected to become one of the leaders of Catholic thought in America.

And how are you to prepare yourself for this task? Well, now, you have really put your finger on something. But that is a story that must wait to be told. It is not good to try to learn too much at once. One may suffer from mental as well as physical indigestion. Then too, you know, I couldn't very well reserve all the space in this magazine. It is just possible that some one else might have something to say. But there will be other issues, I trust, in spite of the publication of this letter. And if you are really interested I shall give you the rest of the story in another letter. What do you say?

DE SENECTUTE

One by one my years file past
As season follows season:
Why some go slow, and some go fast,
I cannot find the reason.

The fresh young years, like birds in May,
Were pleased to reconnoiter:
I thought they'd never pass—the way
They used to stand and loiter.

The middle years, the stern years,
The years of measured ardor,
Went staidly, although hopes and fears,
It seemed, should drive them harder.

But the old years, the gray years,
With their dull time and their sick time,
(You well may not believe your ears)
They march in double-quick time.

I do not egg them on to race,
With hobbled gait to scurry;
I pull a rather longish face
To see them in such hurry.

But nothing I can do, alas,
Will serve to make them dally:
Quickly they come, and quickly pass,
I scarce can keep the tally.

They go like wild geese by the moon
Driven by wintry weather:
The last one will be coming soon;
We'll take the road together.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

With Scrip and Staff

FATHER DRINKWATER'S scheme of religious instruction, which has been approved of for the Archdiocese of Birmingham, England, provides, we are told, that the printed catechism shall not be taught to children before they reach the age of eleven years. "By delaying the use of the catechism," says the N. C. W. C. report, "it is hoped to eliminate 'parrot learning.' The younger children will learn prayers, hymns and stories, and doctrinal information and practical help will be given as occasion offers."

The harm done by "parrot learning" is very great, as any catechism teacher knows. Father Drinkwater's principle in this matter in accordance with the traditions of all the best catechists and with the methods so carefully worked out by the late Dr. Shields, of the Catholic University of America. On the other hand, while everything should be done to avoid the abuses of too formal instruction at an early age, it is still a question whether *some* simpler formulae of the catechism should not be taught, as is the traditional custom, from quite an early beginning. Experience shows that even very small children relish a little of such "dry bones," if treated intelligently; nor need it impair what is done in order to make early religious instruction rich and effective.

THE need of real religious pedagogy, as opposed to mere formalism, has been strikingly set forth by a recent convert (Antonio Fradeletto) in the story of his life:

There has been much discussion—and I myself have discussed—concerning the influence which religion and religious practices can exercise on the soul of the child. But in so delicate a matter it is neither possible nor just to pronounce an absolute judgment. Certainly, if this teaching is given offhand or looked upon as a mere exercise of memory, if the person who initiates the child into these practices is not able to enliven them with a breath of mystic poetry, there will always remain a memory of things tedious, unpleasant, or comic. There will be a memory of little hypocrisies as a defense against adaptation to spiritual duties, or little irreverent subterfuges in the attempt to avoid them. If, on the contrary, religious teaching is worthily professed, if these practices are inspired by pious order, the soul receives a beneficial impress. The child's soul yields to moral discipline, it learns to question itself, it learns the concentration of intimate recollection, it forms the habit of recognizing a power infinitely superior to our little ego; and not infrequently these dispositions remain, even when the supernatural ideal has disappeared which inspired and consecrated them.

Perhaps the most convincing proof of this has been given to us in our time by a celebrated seminarian of Saint Sulpice, who, although he became a master of unbelief and was condemned by the Church, nevertheless, always kept, in his language and his acts, the surviving unction of faith, and often heard the bells of the submerged cathedral chiming in the depths of his soul.

The harm that Renan did was great enough; yet it would very likely have been much greater if he had not had the restraining influence of his early instruction.

YET, right at this point, it is interesting to remark just what notes were heard amongst the chimes of that sunken city of Ys in the mind of the aged skeptic. The chants sung in his youth in the old Breton Cathedral

of Tréguier were foremost amongst the things that left on his sensitive soul their lifelong impression. He expressed their effect in his own imaginative manner: "They seem like emanations from above, which, falling drop by drop upon the soul, pass through it like memories from another world."

But those Breton chants were, in large measure, simply the words of the catechism, the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, and the Ten Commandments. True, their strange, minor refrains can haunt memory of others than Renan, who, at an evening service in one of Brittany's ancient churches, have heard them sung with passionate devotion by men, women and children, to dim candle light, out of tiny black hymnals printed in square notes. Yet the words correspond to those in the back of the Baltimore No. 1 Catechism.

We do not wish the catechism to be a mere memory for our Catholic youth in later years. Still, while forestalling, by effective methods, disgust for religion in later life, let us not be too ready to abandon the advantage of associating religion with some simple forms of words almost from the dawn of education.

WHAT, then, one may ask, was the dissolving influence, in Renan's case, that so overwhelmed with skepticism these lessons of early youth?

A Breton countryman of Renan's, Father Joseph Huby, S.J., answers this question in a recent number of *Etudes*. Irony, says Father Huby, quoting Jules Lemaitre, was the malicious fairy godmother who added her fatal gift to Renan's rich endowment of genius, perseverance and natural tenderness of heart. This gift would end by casting a spell on all the others, causing its beneficiary to mock at men, the world, and God Himself, and end by loss of all love for truth.

Remarks Father Huby:

On the existence of duty, on the moral purposes of the world, the immortality of the soul, the value of science as a "solution to the enigma of things," the idea of love, the future of democracy, the qualities of the French mind or of the Germanic races,—there is not a single apparently dogmatic formula proposed by Renan on one page of his work which is not counter-balanced or neutralized on another page—often very near the preceding one—by a doubt or a negation.

Renan, in his own words, prided himself on not letting his own success cause him to take himself too seriously. As his analyst points out:

This was precisely the rock on which his familiar demon led him to founder. With all this abandonment of himself to skepticism and irony, he did not lose the gifts of his rich and capricious nature, the captivating grace of his style, his ease in devising fables, as well as his tenacity in scientific labors; but, following the words of Jules Lemaitre, his irony "changed" them all. His sensitiveness . . . degenerated into sensuality . . . Renan in his old age concerned himself only with parading his virtuosity in dealing in irony and contradiction. He was no longer the authentic interpreter of the Celts, his ancestors.

More elements of joyful reverence and childlike trust in Renan's early religious training—such elements as are emphasized by Father Drinkwater—might have saved Renan from his eventual disaster.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Steele's "Crazy Venture"

BROTHER CAJETAN, C.F.X.

“WHEN naturalists wish to preserve a skeleton, they bury an animal in an anthill and dig him up after many days with all the perishable matter fairly eaten away. That is the process which great men have to undergo.” With this scientific precedent as a justification, Leslie Stephen conducted one of his literary exhumations. It would seem that Sir Richard Steele with his “crazy venture,” the *Tatler*, has been in the anthill too long. So much of his substance has been consumed that now even the most prominent feature of his career, when recounted, sounds like a dull parable. But in Steele's day, it was not dull, nor was it a parable; it was an actual, “crazy venture.” At least, so it was branded by the pseudo-philosophers of an age noted for mental inactivity. That inactive age, that inaccurate philosophy, and that “crazy venture,” taken together, are sometimes interesting.

While the great Anne did “sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea,” her loyal Londoners amused themselves by talking politics and drinking coffee. Whether the observant citizen thrust his head into that “father of the modern club,” Will's Coffee House, or smoked his pipe at Child's, rendezvous of professional men, he would always find entertainment in a discussion concerning the destinies of the British Empire. If he chanced to be biased in his political opinions, he would be delighted with the discourse of the Whigs at Saint James or of the Tories at the Cocoa Tree. He would see men of active spirit and warm complexions, and could not fail to regard them as “all good fathers, generous brothers, friends, and faithful subjects.” In the morning he would admire Mr. Beaver; at noon he would despond or rejoice with Eubulus; at night he would marvel at the dogmatic manner of Tom the Tyrant. And inevitably he would discover, in one place or another, the jovial face of Dick Steele.

Although Steele loved his home, he spent little time there. As editor of the official political magazine, the *Gazette*, and dispenser of first-hand information on the latest movements of Parliament, he was the oracle of almost every reputable coffee house in London. Assured of his annual income of £1,100, through his wife's estate and his association with the *Gazette*, he was content to live easily after the fashion of the time. But it is in such places as coffee houses that genius unearths itself. And one night, or perhaps one early morning, while groping his way homeward under the adverse condition of narrow, crooked sidewalks and swaying lamp-posts, Steele suddenly became dissatisfied with himself. It may be that he felt that his associates should be more appreciative, or that his precious political knowledge should be more remunerative. In any event, it was then that he conceived a plan to venture what no predecessor had ever dreamed of, and what no contemporary had opportunity for.

Of course, to Steele, venturing was a mere pastime.

Ever since his parents had removed him immediately to England from his birthplace in Dublin, his spirit had been restless and energetic. Thackeray in his "English Humourists" recounts many projects of the boy, Steele. From biographical fact, one learns also that he left Oxford to join the Horse Guards, that he attempted to reform the Queen Anne stage, and that he married twice; in that "cornucopia of scandal" is the information that he searched for the philosopher's stone. Reckless as his companions considered his former actions, he would have been shamed out of this new enterprise by their ridicule. But the world was not his confidant. Dean Swift, then a close friend, gave him all the encouragement and allowed him to borrow the already notorious pseudonym, "Isaac Bickerstaff."

On the morning of April 12, 1709, London was indeed surprised to discover the first edition of the *Tatler*, a journal that was to be issued thrice a week at the cost of one penny a copy, and whose stated purpose was to furnish social and political news. But Steele not only retailed news of society; he also introduced in the *Tatler*, as a special feature, essays on general topics of manners and morality. To the public such a combination of prattle was unheard of; the more serious, anxious lest peace be broken, predicted the dire consequences of this insane endeavor; the more humorous, expecting a glorification of nonsense, welcomed the return of Bickerstaff. To both classes it was just a "crazy venture." But London was soon disillusioned.

He who could write with such humor and pathos, such audacity and gentleness, immediately charmed the hearts of his readers. He could, with a brief remark, recall the adventures of Don Belianis of Greece or the wit of Eutrapelus. His criticism of men's daily lives and his ridicule of women's apparel, offered no offense. Although he was doubtless unaware of it, Steele had attained those qualities of the essayist so admirably expressed by Alexander Smith in his "Dreamthorp": "A quick ear and eye, an ability to discern the infinite suggestiveness of common things, a brooding meditative spirit, are all the essayist requires to start business with. . . . He plays with his subject, now in whimsical, now in grave, now in melancholy mood. He lies upon the grassy bank, like Jacques, letting the world flow past him, and from this thing and the other he extracts his mirth and his moralities." In other words, Steele, pioneer observer-recorder of men and manners, had earned his title, "father of the periodical essay."

Such was the popularity of the *Tatler*, that even before Addison came to the aid of his friend, "who fared like a distressed prince," the venture was assured of literary and financial success. However, the two collaborated to please their readers until Steele, through an unhappy party movement, was deprived of his editorship of the *Gazette*. Without this special advantage for political information, the two friends could not carry out the original design of the *Tatler*; rather than announce an abrupt change of policy, they reluctantly decided to abandon the project.

But the sanguine Steele had felt the thrill of conquest.

With a realization of his further capabilities, only two months after the disappearance of the *Tatler* he confidently launched the first issue of the most widely studied periodical in the English language, the *Spectator*. Although the same literary tone, characteristic of the *Tatler*, was upheld and even surpassed in this new enterprise, Mr. Spectator refused to discuss politics. Nevertheless, Addison and Steele had socialized the essay to such an extent that the same readers found greater delight in this new daily publication. Although the authors aimed to please, they also admitted their intention of "reprehending those vices too trivial for the chastisement of the law and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit."

So with shafts of gentle satire, they ridiculed the extravagances of the day, but accompanied their criticisms with such irresistible good feeling and mirth that the criticized sat back and laughed merrily with the critics. One gentleman expressed the appreciation of a multitude when he openly wondered what other paper could ever make him suspend his morning cup of coffee half-way to his lips, while his eyes were suddenly settled upon a clever sentence or were caught by a humorous paragraph in the *Spectator*.

What was the dismay of entire London to find one morning that the last "Spectator" essay, No. 555, had been written!

What Steele projected after that periodical does not matter. Little else did he accomplish before his death at Carmarthen, Wales, in September, 1729. It is evident that he had already popularized the literary instrument which Addison employed to show the world an immortal style. With Addison he had established a tangible institution in the essay, especially the periodical form. An estimate of the influence these two bore upon their own age can be gained from Taine: "It is not an easy thing to make morality fashionable; yet Addison and Steele did it." With the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* Steele had trudged over a new highway in literature to attain triumph at the end. And following him, a glorious army has marched over the same road for the two solid centuries since.

In that very century, England and America saw periodicals like those of Steele. Samuel Johnson in his *Rambler* produced rare examples of classic prose, while Benjamin Franklin in *Poor Richard's Almanac* exhibited a skilful imitation of Addison. In the *Citizen of the World*, Oliver Goldsmith, with admirable character sketches, humor, grace, and simple language, displayed a mastery of the form of the essay. The Romantic movement in the poetry of England was paralleled in prose by the works of De Quincey, Hazlitt and Lamb. De Quincey's sweep of style, his ethereal imagery, his rhetorical schemes, Hazlitt's scholarly penetration and wide sympathy, Lamb's mastery of informality, his humor, his quaint fancy, and human appeal, all boldly echo the enthusiastic outburst of emotion in that age of unshackled literature.

During the two centuries since his death, however, Steele has remained the model light essayist.

REVIEWS

A Man for A' That. By CHARLES J. FINGER. Boston: The Stratford Company. \$3.00.

The portrayal of Burns as the "Everyman" of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century is unique, while a delightful style, patterned after the modern manner in biography, makes this story of Burns more than readable. Presenting an authentic yet sympathetic view of the young poet, the work of Charles Finger resembles the delicate sketchings of Maurois rather than the more revealing studies of Strachey and Bradford. It is refreshing to find a man who refuses to accept the time-honored but unverifiable judgments and notions that have constituted our information in the case of Robert Burns. A careful search of the correspondence, diaries and records of the time has netted Charles Finger a wealth of revelatory material, the greater part of which has lain hitherto undiscovered and unpublished. The rewards of his quest he passes on to his readers, together with his own conclusions. Though the justice he metes out is seasoned with mercy, his deductions are sound and candid. With undeniable testimony he proves false the long-accepted story of the dire poverty and the extreme unhappiness of the youth of the Scottish bard. By aptly drawn parallels, he demonstrates the modernity of Burns' outbursts against the injustice in the division of wealth and "Man's inhumanity to man." With the aid of statistics he shows that Burns' life was in accord with the dubious standards of morality in the Scotland of his day. His exposé of the Edinburgh society which fêted Burns affords a new explanation for the ruin that the ill-starred visit brought to the mountain lad, whose "common sense" is acclaimed in numerous quotations from contemporary letters. Particularly satisfying to those who love romance as deeply as they regard truth is the conception of Burns' love for Jean Armour as a theme running through his entire life, finding expression even in the variously-interpreted "Highland Mary" poems. All these authenticated and interesting departures from tradition strike a new note in the treatment of Robert Burns.

A. E. M.

Justice For Hungary. By COUNT ALBERT APPONYI and OTHERS. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

Like several other treaties signed and ratified at the point of the bayonet, that of Trianon, wraith-like, continues to haunt the banquet hall of nations. In "Justice For Hungary" the most prominent Hungarian statesmen and scholars call for a reconsideration of the provisions of a settlement which, according to them, does violence to Central European history, culture, politics, economics and geography. The argument based on the two last-mentioned factors is obvious: Hungary, as was pointed out by the great French geographer Réclus, is the most wonderful natural unity in Europe, surpassing England, Italy and the Iberian Peninsula. Looking at an orographic and hydrographic map of Europe stripped of political frontiers, the outlines of Great Hungary at once strike the eye. The valleys of the Carpathians surrounding Hungary descend toward the great Hungarian plain so that intercommunication between these valleys is far more difficult than access to the great central lowlands. All rivers flow toward the Danube, pointing to the necessity of uniform control of the river system and a central administration for the forests of the surrounding districts. These peripheries contain wood, salt, coal, chemical and mineral products, water power, natural gas as well as the workers required for industry; the center is a great agricultural plantation. Just as all rivers flow toward the Danube, so the peripheries find in the center the natural market for their products. The boundaries of the Succession States cut through the arteries of this economic organism. The great central basin was condemned to stagnation by stoppage of the free exchange of goods and labor based on the indications of nature—an interchange to which an immemorial system of roads lent itself. In short by the Treaty of Trianon Hungary lost 67.3 per cent of her territory, 58.4 per cent of her population, the bulk of her raw materials, ores, minerals, her inexhaustible salt mines, nearly

all her forest areas, a considerable part of her water power, railways, banking institutions, savings banks, cooperative societies, her health resorts and her only sea port. This means that a nation which for a thousand years was the bulwark of Western Christian civilization against Oriental cultural and military penetration, has been paralyzed in every phase of her life and activity. In place of government subsidy for religious education Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia more or less reject the system of denominational schools and tend toward state monopoly of instruction; a so-called *lay morality* is taught, which instills into the souls of youth anti-religious and free-thinking dogma. This infringes the right of national minorities to maintain schools as prescribed in the Minority Treaties. The disruption of Hungary left a new Balkan problem on the European doorstep. Its peaceful adjustment will furnish a real test for the League of Nations. Nowhere would the projected United States of Europe function to better advantage. Perhaps all the claims of *Hungaria Irredenta* cannot be recognized, but it is not too much to say that, until the plea made in this book is accorded a respectful hearing, "There is no peace in Europe."

J. F. T.

Austrian War Government. By JOSEPH REDLICH. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.25.

If one wishes to gather the full import of "*Inter arma silent leges*," "in time of war the law grows dumb," let him study this description of emergency legislation by the former Minister of Finance in Austria. From the day of mobilization in the Dual Monarchy the voice of the people was silent. The rights of civil government and the liberties of the individual citizen were either curtailed or abrogated. The Diets and Reichrat were closed. The press fell under the most rigid censorship. Trade, agriculture, commerce, industry, mining, transportation, communications, credit and public finance were subordinated to one overruling war aim. Here you reach the apogee of militarization. In no other country did the system go so far because in an Empire of despised "nationalities," including strong Slav and Latin elements, it was the conviction of the German and Magyar ruling class that there was only one way of inducing the people to endure the sufferings of war both in the war zone and in the hinterland, and that was the unrestricted, unlimited and quite ruthless use of the power of command and punishment. In the economic field price-fixing had its day of glorious life, the people getting their flour cheap with production in a process of progressive decline. Illicit trade developed on a colossal scale. After four years of war, the War Grain Control Board broke down completely. Every phase of industry suffered similar convulsions. With the defeat at the Piave dissolution became swift decay. Acts of insubordination, the desertion of whole Slav divisions in the field showed that the morale of the army was gone. Czechs, Croats and Slovenes, aflame with the Wilsonian doctrine of self-determination, were partitioning the provinces. "In time of war, the laws are silent"; and sometimes the power that invokes the sword never regains the gift of speech.

J. F. T.

Seeing Germany. By E. M. NEWMAN. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$5.00.

The transformation of the old Teutonic empire into a modern republic which with modern ideas faces the many problems of the political and economic changes presents a situation that lends itself to a graphic story. The author, familiar with the old order, has had ample opportunity to realize how well this progressive nation is adjusting the difficulties that have arisen in the organization of a republican form of government. He has collected some 400 pictures to show the prospective visitor that all tastes, no matter how quaint or diversified, can still be satisfied, while he is appreciating the new spirit that animates the young republic.

T. F. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Drama. "Kibitzer" (French. \$2.00). By Jo Swerling and Edward G. Robinson is one of the few modern comedies which approach in book form the quality of entertainment they offer when acted. This play tells of what can happen even in a cigar-store when the proprietor has an imagination and a gambler's instinct. An unusual number of quick-breaking situations are colored by interesting character-studies.

"The Undercurrent" (French. \$1.00) by Fay Ehlert is more than a gripping one-act "problem" play. It is the vindication of those who held faith in this form of drama when critics had pronounced the one-act play defunct as far as concerned the professional stage. Mrs. Ehlert writes with the terse strength of one who knows social conditions as they are, and with a fine sense of her art, which deservedly won for her the trophy in the Chicago Little Theater Tournament of 1928.

Max Kranzthor has presented a dramatic poem of merit in "Spartacus" (Boston: Christopher Publishing House. \$1.25). In theme, form and even minute characteristics it constantly invites comparison with "Coriolanus." And this is rather unfortunate for it. Though Kranzthor's play in itself is a good one, attempting a dignity of style worthy of its Roman subject, yet it fails of Shakespearean heights. The action suffers from abruptness in development and the reader's attention is occasionally distracted by curious little anachronisms. But the plot is interesting, and once started, the play will not be laid down until it is finished.

Some French Apologists.—Mgr. D'Hulst once spoke a wish latent in the prayers of many, in desiring that Catholic apologists once and for all give up trying to defend the Inquisition. After reading Jean Guiraud's "L'Inquisition médiévale," the sixth volume in the collection *La Vie Chrétienne* issued by Bernard Grasset, Paris, one confesses less attachment than formerly to the generous utterance of the sturdy old orator of Notre Dame. M. Guiraud, despite his present association with the intransigent *La Croix*, has remained in the realist tradition of Duchesne, his master; and taking his stand upon such solid ground as Abbé Vidal's Bullarium of the French Inquisition, Mgr. Douais' collection upon the Inquisition in the Midi, and his own researches upon the Albigensian heresy, has moved safely between the indignation of Lea and the enthusiasms of the "integrists." The fact is, and M. Guiraud takes pains to point to it, that the Inquisition was not a single but a multiple phenomenon, of imperial precedent and of Provençal origin; so that neither Philip the Fair nor the later Spaniards may adequately personify it.

Twenty years ago Reinach's "Orpheus," with its annoying and facile identifications, provoked apologetics into the field of comparative religion. Though such scholars as Batiffol took up the reply, the trophy of the controversy was raised by Père Joseph Huby, S.J., who, like Bouvier, Charles and others, was a pupil of the inexhaustible De Grandmaison. The Catholic world is still indebted to the riches of "Christus." Père Huby thereafter engaged in religious philosophy, and recently has appeared in Scriptural studies. His "L'Evangile et les évangiles," is the seventh number in the Grasset series *La Vie Chrétienne*. Its plan is simplicity itself: an introductory chapter upon the oral transmission of the "single gospel" down to the time of the evangelical writers, then separate chapters upon the characteristic form in which each of them bore witness to what he had seen or received. One is not surprised that Père Huby is big enough to take his good where he finds it, that besides adopting the theories of Père Jousse upon oral style, he lays under tribute the more factual conclusions of non-Catholic scholars like Swete, Streeter, Stanton and Burkitt; nor that he retains the penetration and analytic power which formerly attracted him to study the data of religious conversion; nor yet that the organizing genius of "Christus" and of the "Verbum Salutis" should synthesize his scholarly materials into unities that live and move. But one is really unprepared for the delight of his chapter on St. Luke, which finds in the "Christian humanism" of the third evangelist the figure of a man.

Red Silence. The Golden Squaw. The Captive. Pat and Pal.

Dory, whose adventures form the theme of "Red Silence" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00) by Kathleen Norris, had drifted into theatrical work and into a Bohemian set in New York. She was alone in the world, and had become fascinated by a man whose wife was insane. She broke away from her old associations and traveled to California as nurse for a little boy. She found herself accepted into a real family, the first home she had ever known, the first true affection she had ever experienced, and the first unselfish love. She married Jerd, but the ghosts of the past rose up before her. A full confession might ruin his life, her's, and the home they were making. Fear, remorse, misery possessed her. Her former friend, Bruce, came to reclaim her after his wife died. She turned him away, for now she knew love. Following a false conscience, Bruce presumably drove his machine over an embankment, killing himself and the man who tried to blackmail Dory. The joy of family life, the delight of children, the peace of home, the single standard for men and women, are beautifully told in a light, humorous style. Some Catholic critics have professed to be scandalized by the story. A reviewer in one of the ecclesiastical monthlies, after giving a distorted version of the novel, warns his readers solemnly against the book. The opposite attitude is expressed in the *Newsletter* of the Catholic Book Club, by whom this volume was chosen as the book-of-the-month.

"The Golden Squaw" (White Squaw Press. \$2.00) is a new edition of Will W. Whalen's story of Mary Jemison, a beautiful pioneer girl, whom Senecas kidnapped in 1758 on the morning of the day she was to be wedded to a young Pennsylvanian. Mary's many sorrows and rare joys remain in your memory. At times though you wish that the author would curb his tendency to have his characters speak in almost continuous heroic style. It isn't done in real life, and why in an otherwise very interesting historical novel? Father Whalen well calls this "A story too strange and grim not to be true."

"The Captive" (A. and C. Boni. \$3.00) is a translation of Marcel Proust's continuous novel "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" (Remembrance of Things Past). If "Life with Albertine" were merely a psychological study of jealousy one might pardon Marcel Proust his many prolixities, his far-fetched allusions and many involutions of style. But it is so coarse and yet so refined in its delineation of sensual love that its oases of palpitating beauty alternate with stretches of arid plain and bogged morass. Inversion which is not perversion is played with through 563 pages, tossed up like a ball, and explored with the feverish skill of a gifted neurotic. So remote is the tale from reality, or if you wish, from universal experience that one is tempted to quote what might be the book's best criticism, "No banishment, indeed, to the South Pole, or to the summit of Mont Blanc, can separate us so entirely from our fellow creatures as a prolonged residence in the seclusion of a secret vice, that is to say of a state of mind that is different from theirs." Perhaps disease must bear the blame, perhaps self-surrender, or circulation in certain strata of Parisian society where there is edited every day, as Balzac would tell us, a sort of spiken newspaper more terrible than its printed rivals. It is a pity that C. K. Scott-Moncrieff wasted so much labor and genius on the translation, which is a model of pure, nervous, electric prose. One wonders what purpose a book of this kind could possibly serve.

A love tale from a novel point of view is narrated by Harriet Lummis Smith in "Pat and Pal" (Page. \$2.00). Evidently, there are more things going on in the kennels than we imagine. Pat, the Boston terrier, who tells the story, and Pal, his collie chum, decide their mistress needs the right kind of a husband. Promptly the weeding out process begins and continues till the two canine matchmakers stowaway in the honeymoon car. "Pat and Pal" is a romantic dog story, written by one who knows her dogs as well as she knows her young lover. At times, however, it is a bit far-fetched and requires strenuous exercise of the imagination and vigorous contortions of belief in animal intelligence.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Mr. Andrews Rejoins

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I should like to make rejoinder to J. L. F. with regard to correcting a serious misunderstanding of my presentation of Maryland history.

It now appears that the proximity of the clause concerning Lord Baltimore's "unalterable determination" to establish the principle of separation of church and state to that acclaiming his "ultimate triumph" offers the ground for misapprehension.

The acclaim of Cecil Calvert's triumph, if applied to a single group or organization, is manifestly unfair; and if such an interpretation is justified by an imperfect rendition, then the paragraph should be revised. On the other hand, the historians of the Catholic faith who read this passage in manuscript did not so interpret. They must have understood that the expression covers all of Lord Baltimore's opponents, and it is clearly stated that only some of the Jesuit Order belonged to this group. The expression was intended to refer to the Anglican Church, the Puritans, and those of any denomination, together with those in civil life, who attempted to interfere with this principle.

It may be that J. L. F. is a bit too sensitive about the Society of Jesus, just as some character in the Old Testament was jealous of, or rather for, Jehovah! I have warmly praised those of the Society of Jesus who agreed with Lord Baltimore or who aided him; but I went into some detail about the opposition to him by representatives of the same organization. It is perfectly natural for any Order to wish to secure for itself all immunities possible. That has been the history of mankind from the beginning to the present. Representatives from each of the churches sought to establish temporal privileges in Maryland and Cecil Calvert resisted all alike. This, I believe, is an indisputable fact.

I still think that Captain Cornwallis (despite his splendid record and the high opinion of him which I at least attempted to set forth) did not understand or envisage the Calvert ideal of supremacy of civil authority in temporal matters. He supported the group which claimed special privileges. He was, as J. L. F. points out, for "freedom of contiens," and he was a powerful proponent of civil liberty; but, on the matter of the differentiation of the functions of church and state, he opposed an important phase of the very thing for which the whole world should honor the great Founder of the Palatinate of Maryland.

Baltimore.

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Andrews' present rejoinder leaves us in less doubt than ever as to his position, viz., that, in his opinion, the local Jesuit opposition to Lord Baltimore was opposition to the triumph of civic liberty. I am only concerned here with this phase of the question, not with what the Anglicans or Puritans may have had to do with it.

I am not "jealous" for any individuals or groups. My opinion is simply that the facts, as known, do not warrant this theory as to the early Jesuit missionaries in Maryland. If further documents existed which should corroborate the theory, I should be the first to revise my own judgment in the matter. On the basis of known history, however, I feel justified in maintaining that the matter is not proved with sufficient definiteness to warrant its being set forth as an established fact, in a popular manual of history.

It is not quite clear, from Mr. Andrews' words here or elsewhere, whether the desire for temporalities is to be attributed to "only some of the Jesuit Order"; or to "any Order"; or to "the churches." But, however that may be, I certainly cannot agree with the flat statement that "it is perfectly natural for any Order to wish to secure for itself all immunities possible." If such an attribution of selfishness is to be taken for granted in

the case of men who had left hearth and home, wealth and preference to devote their lives to struggling pioneers and forlorn savages, might it not prove dangerously easy to extend its application still further, and say that it is perfectly natural for all landlords, all promoters of colonies, all Proprietaries and temporal princes to secure for themselves all immunities and temporal privileges possible? Yet if this latter is not true (and there are instances to show that it is not) why assert the former generalization?

There seems a particular unfairness in presupposing a thirst for "temporal advantages" in men much of whose struggle was to maintain the minimum physical requirements for the continuance of charitable, educational and religious work, requirements that no one would question in the United States of today. As for Captain Cornwallis, the division into Cornwallis wise and Cornwallis foolish is simply the appanage of the doctrine taught by Mr. Andrews. The worth of Cornwallis, as far as I happen to know of him, was in the consistency of his position, by which he knew but one measure of liberty and justice, to be applied indifferently in matters civic and religious.

New York.

J. L. F.

Spiritual Food for the Masses

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Ricardo Carmona, of Hollywood, Calif., has a letter in the issue of AMERICA for Aug. 31, which ends thus: "We are not losing ground, but the respect of the people, simply because, to be frank, too many Catholics here act too tame and are pussyfooting everything. How I wish they would wake up!"

God bless the author of these fearless words. But are the pussyfooters to be found only in California? Is not almost the entire country in the same state of lethargy? It appears that Catholics loathe to quit their easy chairs and blessed comforts. Non-Catholics might be imitated. See the tons of literature they send out gratis. See the revivals they have, in spite of the great heat. Indeed, Mr. Ricardo Carmona is right when he cries out "How I wish they would wake up!" The harvest is ripe. The masses are starving for spiritual food. Catholics have that food. May they soon give it to those hungry people.

Denton, Texas.

RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

The Muddle of Volsteadism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your editorial entitled "The Muddle of Volsteadism" in the issue of AMERICA for August 31, I consider a valuable contribution to the solution of this increasingly perplexing economic problem. It is a greatly troublesome factor in our national social life and intercourse, affecting as it does, directly or indirectly, every phase of public interest and activity. Besides, it stirs up all the accumulated stores of venomously intemperate nationalistic prejudice, intolerance and malignity. And as long as it persists in its present form, the country cannot generally prosper, or enjoy an unalloyed, even-balanced status of peaceful harmony and contentment.

As Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, in a recently published newspaper interview, pointed out, "Volsteadism is radically wrong in principle and its enforcement will not serve the best interests of our American life." Indeed, the whole agitation brings about a continuous seething of reciprocal, retaliatory animadversion, incrimination, and recrimination, a country-wide condition which, in the opinion of so astute an observer of affairs as Miss Ida Tarbell (whom you also mention), may eventually lead to another civil war.

Let us therefore beware lest a continuation of this most unholy popular state may not after all unleash the accumulated stores of unrestrained passion, hatred and bigotry so as to plunge the nation into civil strife of major proportion! Let us rather seek to tread the saner and juster, safer paths of municipal, state and federal government regulation of the entire liquor-trade, for the sake of enhanced well-being of all classes of population and the establishment of the stable reign "smooth-faced peace, smiling plenty, and fair, prosperous days" throughout the land.

Cincinnati.

WILL A. SHENLEY.

